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# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 253. Vol. XLIII. Subscription rate 11s. per annum post free. OCTOBER, 1912. Price One Shilling. Published Monthly.

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### NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

The November Bookman will be a special Conan Doyle Number. With the present issue The Bookman attains its majority and enters on the twenty-second year of its existence. It is an event upon which we shall be forgiven for congratulating ourselves a little, and an article by Sir William Robertson Nicoll dealing with the founding of the magazine and some of the chief of its early contributors appears on another page.

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For much assistance with the Whistler illustrations in this Number, we are specially indebted to Mr. W. Heinemann, who kindly placed several of the portraits and prints in his collection at our service; to M. Paul Helleu for permitting us to reproduce his fine etching of Whistler; to M. Dornac for permission to reproduce his portrait of Whistler in his studio; to Mr. Thomas Way, Mr. John Lane, Mrs. E. R. Pennell, and others to whom due acknowledgment is made elsewhere.

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"Ape's" drawing of Whistler, which we reproduce by permission on our cover, has been one of the most popular of the famous *Vanity Fair* cartoons, and we understand that very few copies of it now remain for disposal.

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Among our illustrations is Whistler's etching of St. James's Street, which is also reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*. He has caught wonderfully in it "the sun and swagger of the street as it appears on a fine June afternoon." "Mr. Whistler has been installed during the last week," it was said in *Vanity Fair* when the plate was presented to its readers, "on the terrace of the Albemarle Hotel, looking down St. James's Street, and there has been achieved what is perhaps the most admirable plate he has ever produced, embracing the whole length of the street with the palace at the foot and a glimpse of the Surrey hills beyond."

The £5 5s. net and £2 2s. net limited editions of "The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly, were fully subscribed a few days after the first preliminary announcement was made. The first large edition at 20s. net is also already exhausted.

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Mr. John Drinkwater, whose new volume of poems we review elsewhere, is writing for Messrs. Dent a book on Swinburne, and has just completed a long introduction for the library edition of the work of St. John Hankin that is to be published by Mr. Martin Secker. He has written also an introduction for the edition of Gray that has just been added to the "Everyman's Library" series.

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One of the notable books promised for the autumn is the authoritative biography of Lord Wolverhampton (better known as Sir Henry Fowler), by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, which is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

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A novel based on the notorious Venetian trial of Marie Tarnowska is at present appearing serially in France and Italy, and is arousing something of a sensation in both countries. It is written by that polyglot writer Annie Vivanti, who writes all her novels in three languages and is now preparing an English version of the story which is to be published by Mr. Heinemann.

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Mr. Joseph Shaylor has been prominently concerned with the selling of books for over fifty years past, and he has written and compiled several that have an honoured place on the shelves of the book-lover. He has lately completed another, "The Fascination of Books," that Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall have just published. It appeals both to the bookseller and to the general reader who is interested in things literary, and contains essays on "The Use and Abuse of Titles," "The Evolution of the Bookseller," "Book Distributing," and incidentally forms an interesting and permanent record of the Book-selling trade.

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We congratulate Mr. G. H. Putnam, the head of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, on the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters that has been conferred upon him by the Columbia University of New York.

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*Photo by W. E. Gray, Bayswater.* **Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell.**
Authors of *The Life of Whistler* (Heinemann).

Some reviewers in praising "George Wendern Gave a Party," that was recently published by Messrs. Blackwood, said the story was fascinating but highly improbable. It seems, however, that the tale was suggested to the author by an actual party of the same sort that was given long ago by a certain American banker now well known in England. The book is already in its second edition over here, and is having an extraordinary success in America.

---

Messrs. David Nutt have in the press a volume by Mr. Reginald R. Buckley entitled "St. Francis: A Troubador of the Spirit." It contains an essay on the Franciscan ideal and a poem portraying St. Francis as the Zarathustra of the Christian world. Mr. Buckley, who is the son of a Manchester cotton spinner and manufacturer, began his career as a bank clerk, and in due course became an Associate of the Institute of Bankers. Later, however, he came to London as secretary of the publishing house of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Son. For the last two years he has been on the staff of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and has done a good deal of writing

**Richard Dehan**
**(Miss Clo Graves),**
whose new novel, "Between Two Thieves" (Heinemann), was reviewed in last month's *Bookman*.

on music, the drama and social topics for many of the newspapers and magazines.

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Mr. Robert Halifax, who has made steady progress into popular favour as a novelist of lower London, has a new novel ready which Messrs. Constable will publish under the title of "A Slice of Life."

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The latest addition to Messrs. Cassell's series of Little Books on Great Writers is an admirable study of the personality of Thackeray by Mr. Sidney Dark.

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Yet another new publishing firm is the Happy Publishing Company. The members of which are all women, no male being eligible for admission, since the declared object of the firm is to deal with only books that are "written, printed and published by women." Their first venture is a series of stories by Mrs. M. M. Lee, called "Love's Victories."

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On the whole, you may take it that the long-haired, lackadaisical poet is a creation of the comic papers and has no real existence outside them. More typical of the present day poet, at all events, is Mr. John Gurdon, whose book of verse, "Enchantments," is to be issued by Mr. Erskine Macdonald. Mr. Gurdon, who has published two other volumes of poems that have won golden opinions from the *Spectator* and other of the principal literary journals, is chairman of one of the oldest and most prosperous rubber companies.

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Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) has written in "A Child's Journey with Dickens" (Hodder & Stoughton) a very charming reminiscence of how she met Dickens when she was a small girl, and of the conversation that passed between them about his books, of which she was already an enthusiastic admirer. Incidentally Mrs. Riggs gives a glimpse of her home life and of the library that stood open to her in those early years; but the compelling interest of the book lies in its vivid picture of Dickens as he seemed in the eyes of a child.

"Countess Daphne," one of the most popular of Rita's many novels, made its first appearance some years ago, and has long been out of print. Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. have now issued a new and cheap edition of it that has been thoroughly revised by the author.

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Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has written a new book—"The Romance of Billy Goat Hill," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately.

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Anna Sewell's classic life-story of a horse, "Black Beauty," has gone through numerous editions, and is to be published by Messrs. Jarrold this autumn in a new one that will be illustrated in colour by Mr. Cecil Aldin.

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In addition to the Meredith Letters, we are to have from Messrs. Constable shortly a one-volume edition of the "Poetical Works of Meredith," with notes by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan. This is as it should be: no poet is quite happy until he has rolled all his strength and all his sweetness up into one volume, and one would like to see Browning and Swinburne also arrive at that felicity.

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*Photo by Vandyk.* **Mr. Edwin Pugh,**
whose new book, "The City of the World" (Nelson), is reviewed on page 59.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing next month "The Romance of Stephen Compton," a new novel by Mr. J. E. Patterson. It is a story of to-day, describing the rise and progress of a Labour Leader who alters the face of industrial England.

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We made reference last month to Mr. Cole's famous Book Arcade in Melbourne, and Messrs. W. & G. Foyle call our attention to the similar Arcade that they are now establishing in London. It occupies a large building of six floors, and already contains over a million carefully classified volumes of new and second-hand books. Messrs. Foyle commenced business at Peckham about seven years ago; they have opened eight branches and warehouses in various parts of London, and are now establishing this huge central Bookstore in Charing Cross Road. It should be a useful resort for the real book-buyer, and a very Paradise for the prowling bookworm, for it will take him a year or two to travel along the twenty miles of shelves and browse on the books as he goes in his customary manner.

*Photo by Dover Street Studios.* **Mrs. Charlotte Cameron.**

A lady journalist who represented several newspapers at the Durbar, and whose novel, "A Durbar Bride," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

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Mr. Clive Holland, whose clever novel, "My Japanese Wife," has had a sale of over four hundred thousand copies, has collected a new book of his short stories, "A Madonna of the Poor," which Messrs. Lynwood will publish this month.

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It is some little time since Mr. J. A. Steuart gave us a new novel, and his many admirers will be pleased to hear that he has one appearing this autumn. It will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton with the title of "The Rock of the Raven."

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Miss Daphne Allen, whose book of drawings and paintings we reviewed last month, is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Allen, of the famous Ruskin publishing house. It is not surprising, especially when it is remembered that she is still under thirteen, that Miss Allen's work is attracting a great deal of attention, and during this month a special Exhibition of it is to be held at the Dudley Gallery. In addition to the originals of the pictures in "A Child's Visions," the Exhibition will include over a hundred other drawings in colour, monochrome, pencil and pen and ink, among them being sketches and paintings illustrating scenes from old Fairy Tales, Greek Mythology, the Arthurian Legends, Shakespeare, Wagner, and a number of exquisitely graceful studies of Cupids a-foot and a-wing in every imaginable attitude. We reproduce on page 7 one little group of these drawings, which have suffered somewhat, unfortunately, in being reduced to the size of our page. Despite the precocity of her talent, and the strangely thoughtful spirit of mysticism that plays so beautifully in much of her work, Miss Allen is the most natural and unspoilt of children; she draws and paints for her own amusement only, making no labour of it, giving rapid expression in colour and line to any fancy that comes to her, using no indiarubber on the sketch but leaving it unaltered in its first freshness. Two of her pictures are to be reproduced in the Christmas Number of the *Graphic*, and it is probable that others will appear in other of the magazines after the close of the Exhibition.

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Mr. Percival Lancaster, whose new novel of adventure in New Zealand is to be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., is a Canadian by adoption. He was born in England and educated at Dulwich College, and is the son of Mr. W. J. C. Lancaster, late of the British Admiralty and well known to boy readers as "Harry Collingwood." By profession Mr. Percival Lancaster is a civil engineer and surveyor as well as an author. He received his training with Messrs. Sir John Jackson, Ltd., at Keyham, but left there to travel in South Africa, where he became for a time a captain of Irregular Cavalry,

**Capt. Percival Lancaster.**
Taken on Georgia Bay, Canada, August, 1912.

and was engaged in a good deal of active service. Invalided home, he took to writing stories, and then wrote a book, "Captain Jack O'Hara," which had the unusual fortune of being accepted by the first publisher who saw it and met with considerable success. He has lately finished another novel, "The Serpent," which will not be published until next year. In 1909 Mr. Lancaster went to Canada, where he now follows his profession of civil engineer, and in his leisure writes many short stories for the Canadian and American magazines. Incidentally, he is a keen sportsman, and our snapshot portrait shows him just home from a day's shooting on the Georgia Bay.

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The Rev. D. P. Macdonald, of Lochfyne, writes: "In common with all who know Australia and her people I could not fail to read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction Mr. A. St. John Adcock's contribution to the September BOOKMAN. He will be hailed throughout Greater Britain as the long-looked-for champion in Great Britain. Australia has certainly suffered, as regards her literature, for want of such. Unbiased recognition and candid statement of facts are all that Australia asks; this, in itself, is the invaluable tribute; it then becomes apparent that her literary reputation is not insignificant, and is, in point of comparison, remarkable. May I suggest that among a few additions, which would serve to make the list of Australian authors more complete, the following could well be included: J. R. Houlding ('Old Boomerang'), a worthy veteran in the ranks of Australian writers of to-day, whose 'Rural and City Life,' 'Christopher Cockle,' 'The Pioneer of the Family,' etc., published a quarter of a century ago, have never been superseded in their class; Donald Macdonald, author of 'How We Kept the Flag Flying,' 'The Warrigal's Well,' etc.; James Green, author of 'The Story of the Bushmen,' 'The Selector,' 'The Lost Echo,' etc.; and Roy Bridges, who wrote 'The Barb of an Arrow,' etc." Mr. Macdonald thinks, too, that in the department of more serious literature mention should have been made of the "Studies in the English Reformation," of Dr. Clarke, Archbishop of Melbourne; Professor W. J. Woodhouse's "Tutorial History of Greece"; George Woolnough's "Kosmos"; the Autobiography of the Rev. George Browne, D.D.; the Rev. James Cowell's "History of Methodism in N.S.W."; and the Rev. J. Dickson's "History of Presbyterianism in New Zealand."

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Mr. Alfred Searcy is an Australian author who should have had a place in our last Number. He has written many articles that have been highly spoken of by Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Frank Bullen, and two books, "In Australian Tropics," and "By Flood and Field." Messrs. G. Bell & Sons published last month an English edition of the latter—a pleasantly written and immensely interesting volume which should do much to call attention to the great and varied resources of that part of the island continent which is known as the Northern Territory. Mr. Searcy is acting-clerk in the House of Assembly at Adelaide, and was formerly for fourteen years

*Photo by Hammer & Co., Adelaide.* **Mr. Alfred Searcy.**
Author of "By Flood and Field" (G. Bell & Sons).

sub-collector of Customs at Port Darwin. He has lived a life full of adventure in the little known Northern Territory of South Australia—adventure among Malay and Chinese smugglers off and on the north coast, with treacherous aborigines, horse thieves, lawless keepers of grog-shanties, and on the great rivers, and in the jungles and mangrove swamps of the "out-beyond," and he has gathered these experiences up into his books.

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Miss Edith Howes, author of "The Sun Babies," and "Rainbow Children" (Cassell), was mentioned in our last Number as a Canadian writer. Miss Howes was born in London, but since her very early years has been living in New Zealand, where she is now a school teacher, and has written a good deal for the New Zealand papers on natural history subjects and education.

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Mr. William S. Walker, the Australian novelist, better known as "Coo-ee," has completed two new novels, "The Boomerang," and "Towards the Bright Dawn," which will make their appearance during the next few months. Mr. Walker is a native born Australian, and a nephew of Rolf Boldrewood's. His father was a squatter in a large way, and he himself has had an exhaustive colonial experience as squatter, digger, and general adventurer. He spent fifteen years in New Zealand, was one of the first arrivals on the South African Diamond Fields, and after a long and full life of varied experiences is now settled down quietly at home in Devonshire. Few writers know Australia more thoroughly, from the days of the gold rush down to its more decorous life of to-day, and he has made good use of his experiences in his nine novels, of which perhaps "When the Mopoke Calls," "From the Land of the Wombat," and "Native Born" have enjoyed the largest vogue. His fiction is strongly sensational, and in Australia he is as popular as Mr. Le Quex is among us.

**A little known Portrait of Shelley, from an Engraving by E. W. Wyon in H. F. Chorley's "Authors of England," published in 1838.**

Reproduced from a print kindly lent by Mr. F. Irving Taylor.

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Another very popular Canadian novelist is Mr. Robert E. Knowles, whose books are published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. In "The Handicap," "The Web of Time," "The Undertow," and other of his stories he has drawn admirably realised pictures of life as it is in Canada to-day and as it was yesterday. He has been compared with George Macdonald for the faithfulness of his Scottish portraiture and with Hawthorne for the fine imaginativeness and dramatic intensity of his writing.

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Mr. Edward Arnold publishes this month Professor Oliver Elton's "Survey of English Literature, 1780–1830."

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Mr. Ashby Sterry has a new volume of light verse in the press. He is calling it "The River Rhymer," and it will be published by Mr. Ham-Smith.

1. Sunrise.

2. Moonrise.

3. Saturn.

4. The Moon is the Sun's Child.

5. The Milky Way.

Drawn by Miss Daphne Allen.

Mr. John Lane has been taking up the cudgels, in *The Globe*, in defence of the newspapers and the book trade of Canada. An article in the *Cornhill* has described Toronto as "a city of 350,000 inhabitants, which subsists on four book-shops of unequal merit"; and Mr. Lane neatly convicts the writer of living in a glass house and throwing stones by pointing out that Bristol, a city with a literary past, "possesses nearly 400,000 inhabitants, a university, a cathedral, a great public school, an ancient grammar school, and a baker's dozen of reputed millionaires. . . . And yet, with all these superlative advantages, Bristol has only two modern bookshops that approach the standard of those of Toronto.'' Countering the *Cornhill* statement that "nobody reads in Canada," Mr. Lane remarks: "I should say, with some knowledge of the book trade in Britain, America and the Colonies, that Canada consumes more books per head than any English-speaking country in the world."

**Madame G. R. Duval,**
whose new novel, "Written in the Sand" is published by Mr. Ham Smith.

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The late Mr. H. D. Lowry left among his papers an unfinished novel, a number of short Cornish stories and some poems. These have now been placed in the hands of Mr. Lowry's cousin, Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, who is preparing them for the Press under the direction of Mr. Nicol Dunn, and a first volume, "A Dream of Daffodils," by H. D. Lowry, with portrait and a memoir by Mr. Edgar Preston, of the *Morning Post*, will be published this month by Mr. Glaisher, of Notting Hill Gate.

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A pleasantly gossipy, interesting booklet has been written by Mr. W. Francis Aitken on "Some Memories of The Row." Incidentally, it commemorates the removal of Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. from Paternoster Row to their new premises in the Old Bailey, and gives illustrations of some of the ancient pottery and other antiquities that were found below the foundations of the old house they have left; but it goes outside all this to give a full and useful history in little of the Row itself compiled for all available sources.

A book that should be of unusual interest is the "Rough Roads: Reminiscences of a Wasted Life," by Mr. Dyke Wilkinson, that Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. are publishing this autumn. Once upon a time, Mr. Wilkinson was a very poor boy; now he is a rich man; so it is not clear on the face of it why he describes his life as a wasted one. He has gone through many hardships, met with many adventures; had exciting experiences in racing circles and in steady, everyday business, and he has written "Rough Roads" to tell of all he has seen and known on his chequered way through the world.

**Mr. Dyke Wilkinson.**
Author of "Rough Roads" (Sampson, Low & Co.).

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The most talked-of book at the moment is probably the "Life of David Lloyd George," which has been issued by the Caxton Publishing Company. The biographer, Mr. Herbert du Parcq, has many qualifications for the work he has undertaken. He is on terms of personal friendship with Mr. Lloyd George's family, and has gained valuable information from friends of the Chancellor's youth at Llanystumdwy, and from friends of his later years. Mr. du Parcq is a keen and able student of political affairs, is himself an efficient speaker, and in his undergraduate days at Oxford he was elected (in 1902) to the Presidency of the historic Oxford Union Society. He was a scholar of Exeter College, graduated with high honours in 1903, and subsequently returned to Oxford in 1905 with a post-graduate scholarship at Jesus College, which is, of course, pre-eminently the Welsh College at Oxford. Since then he has become known as a practising barrister and a speaker on Liberal platforms.

**Mr. Herbert du Parcq.**
Author of the "Life of David Lloyd George" (Caxton Press).

# AN APOLOGY FOR REBECCA.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THEY say I ought to furnish a "Glossary" for my play, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which I thought so simple and so unpretentious a dramatic offering that it surely would explain itself as it went along. I know that the London critic commonly does not care for representations of life in a far-away New England village, that he likes neither the dialect—which I have given to only two out of my thirteen characters—nor the types portrayed in such a play. He seems to feel a temperamental aversion to any presentment of Yankee customs, manners and speech in an out-of-the-way New England hamlet, while accepting "Bunty" and "Hindle Wakes" as interesting studies in a similar field of labour. I am sorry to have been puzzling, however, and if I do issue a little glossary to be slipped into the programme like the invitation to take a cup of tea, it will illuminate the following points.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

**Kate Douglas Wiggin**
**(Mrs Riggs.)**

Some of our listeners marvel at the name of Rebecca's dead father, Lorenzo de Medici Randall, and her uncle Mark, otherwise Marquis de Lafayette Randall. I did not invent these high-sounding cognomens, but as they were often given to defenceless babies in the State of Maine thirty or forty years ago, I preserved them for their quaintness. It is easy to see that Lafayette's visit to America may have inspired young mothers to perpetuate his name, and I am afraid that total ignorance of titles may have led them to mistake "'Marquis' for a Christian name in good and regular standing. What induced the affection in that locality for Lorenzo de Medici is more mysterious, but just as true to life for, as a child, I knew well two elderly men named Marquis de Lafayette Johnson, and Lorenzo de Medici Milliken, who wrote themselves down as respectively M. D. L. Johnson and L. D. M. Milliken.

Next in gravity is my offence in describing as a premium what is apparently known in this country as a "coupon prize." My only apology is that I never heard of a coupon prize and I have always heard the thing itself alluded to as a "premium." The poor children in little straggling villages in the New England States used to sell, and still do sell, soap, from door to door, acting as humble child-agents for enterprising firms. These children, when successful, receive as rewards a set of tea dishes, or a rickety chair, or a crudely decorated lamp. Sometimes the latter "premium" is glowingly described and pictured in the advertising circulars as a magnificent "banquet-lamp," and it is this useless appendage which the imaginative Rebecca so longs to secure for the poverty-stricken Simpson family.

I supposed that the two words: "banquet" and "lamp," being tolerably familiar to students of the dictionary, the compound word might be intelligible, but, alas! one of the critics says: "Rebecca wishes, by selling large quantities of soap, to procure for her poor friends a 'banquet-lamp'—*whatever that may be.*" As to the sudden marriage of the Simpsons, which is about to be solemnized at the end of the third act, it is possible in America for any couple to go before a minister at any hour, and be made man and wife without previous notice or further delay. The absence of banns or license in the play seems to make some persons fear that I have imagined this informal marriage ceremony and that it does not exist.

The little local "flag-raisings" which occur here and there during a Presidential campaign, and the excitements of "graduations" as the exercises attending the end of a girl's or a boy's school days are called, these functions loom large in a community such as I have tried to show in Rebecca. They give atmosphere as truly as the Morris dance in a play of Old England or "Standing at the Plate" in Scottish "Bunty," and in their own simple way are as worthy of preservation in literature or drama.

I shall be very happy, very proud and very grateful, as indeed I might well be, if Rebecca wins a public in London. Emerson says: "What is for thee gravitates to thee," a bit of philosophy in which I firmly believe, so I shall be content with the verdict of the audiences that see the play.

I have no skill in growing orchids or rare plants or even parasites, Rebecca is simply a bit of clover blooming by a dusty New England road side. It remains to be seen whether she can be transplanted and encouraged to grow for a while beside the roses in your English garden.

# THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

## IAN HAY.

I HOLD a few literary dogmas—very few—that have withstood every test I have been able to apply to them, and one of these is that, historical fiction apart, all the best novels have been written out of personal experience, and all the characters in them that are truest and most alive have been drawn, as the good artist always works, from the model. I do not mean, of course, that the experiences are written down verbatim, nor that the characters are slavishly and photographically copied from their originals; your novelist may fashion his man or woman out of the features and idiosyncrasies of half a dozen different persons, just as a painter may use one model for the face of his figure, another for the arms, and a third for the hair; he merely goes to life for his material, then sets his imagination to work upon what he has actually seen and known. When he does not, he may catch your interest with an exciting plot, but his book is characterless, and has not enough body and blood of reality in it to keep it living long.

When I first read the novels of Ian Hay—or, to give him his full name, Mr. Ian Hay Beith—I had a comfortable feeling that he was confirming me in my faith. His people are too lifelike never to have lived; it was easy enough to gather from his books that he had been a Public School boy; that he was or had himself been a schoolmaster; that he had seen something of clerical life and of the political world from the inside; that he was a golfer, a cricketer, and in general a keen sportsman; and now that I have had an opportunity of getting at the facts about him I find that his biography is very much what his novels had led me to expect.

Born on the 17th April, 1876, Mr. Beith is the second son of the late John Alexander Beith, and grandson of the Rev. Dr. Beith, of Stirling, who is still remembered in many a Highland parish as one of the great figures of the Disruption of 1843. A man of remarkable zeal and energy, Mr. Beith's father was not contented to limit himself to the labour involved in the direction of the great shipping and export firm of Beith, Stevenson & Co., but devoted almost the whole of his leisure to public service. He was in his time President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Government Representative on the Mersey Dock Board, a Justice of the Peace for Lancaster, and a director and supporter of almost innumerable philanthropic and religious enterprises. In politics he was an ardent follower of Mr. Gladstone, and was for some time leader of the Liberal Party in Manchester. In philanthropic work he was closely associated with men of such opposite shades of political opinion as Jacob Bright and Sir W. H. Houldsworth. Such little recreation as he allowed himself amid the stress of these varied activities was mostly taken aboard a boat, and his favourite holiday place was Oban, which had been his father's first parish. He purchased "Alt-na-Craig," Professor Blackie's eyrie overlooking the Sound of Kenera, when the Professor indignantly vacated it on the advent of the railway, and it became the starting point of numerous yachting expeditions among the Highlands and Islands; nowadays it is still occupied by his widow.

Fettes, that home of classics and Rugby football, counts Ian Hay among its distinguished scholars; he spent his scholastic infancy there as the fag of a certain J. A. Simon, then head boy of Fettes, and now his friend Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P., Solicitor-General of England. In 1895 he proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, and there he was so far from slothful that he played Rugby football three days a week, and on the remaining three days laboured at the oar with such diligence that he attained ("rather flukily," he says) to the post of captain of his College Boat Club during his last year. Withal he devoted sufficient attention to his studies to obtain a Second Class in the Classical Tripos.

Thus equipped, he made it known that his services were at the disposal of the Headmasters of the nation; but as nothing happened (beyond two stop-gap engagements at Charterhouse and Fettes), he suspected that classical degrees must be a drug in the market, and returning to Cambridge spent an extremely laborious year in acquiring enough knowledge of chemistry and physics to fit him for a Senior Mastership. After four years at Durham School, first under the Rev. A. E. Hillard, now High Master at St. Paul's, and later under the Rev. Harry McKenzie, now Headmaster of Uppingham, he was invited to go back to Fettes, where he spent six happy years. Then last April, owing to a partial breakdown in health due to his having been burning the candle at both the literary and the scholastic ends, he regretfully resigned his post and turned his back for ever on a profession which, whatever its trials and disappointments, provides its adherents with a never-failing supply of the healthiest and most invigorating company in the world—that of the British schoolboy, and incidentally had supplied Ian Hay with material that he had already turned to excellent account in at least one of his novels. For "Pip" is one of the finest and most convincing of schoolboy stories, and in its later phases blends a love romance with great doings at cricket and golf in the most ingenious and glamorous manner imaginable.

As far back as 1901 Ian Hay had begun to coquet with fiction. He had worked fitfully on a school story, the hero of which was, he confesses, modelled on a certain Fettes boy of his acquaintance. He called him "Pip," and what has now become the third chapter of the novel was the first serious attempt at fiction that he ever made. The tale grew in a desultory way through several years: sometimes he did not touch it for six months at a stretch; sometimes he took it up again and interpolated a chapter into the hero's past; sometimes he grafted an episode on to his future. The school scenes were written first; then the love scenes; then the first two chapters, that deal with the somewhat neglected home life of Pip and his sister Pipette, and give an amusing record of their experiences at the local kindergarten school kept by Mr., Miss Mary, Miss Arabella, and

Miss Amelia Pocklington. Among the good things in all Ian Hay's novels are his humorous or reflective asides, such as those in "Pip" on the fascination of golf; on how the schoolmaster realises early in his career that "he is not a universally popular person"; or on how Pip's father, a widower and an overworked medical man, discovers that he has not acted wisely in leaving his two children too entirely under the influence of his servants, for it has come to pass that to Pip and Pipette etiquette and deportment are "summed up in the following nursery laws, as amended by the kitchen":

"I. Girls, owing to some mysterious infirmity which is never apparent, and for which they are not responsible, must be helped first to everything.

"II. A boy must on no account punch a girl, even though she is older and bigger than himself. (For reason see I.)

"III. A girl must not scratch a boy. (Not that the boy matters, but it is unladylike.)

"IV. Real men do not play with dolls. (However, you may pretend to be a doctor and administer medicine without loss of dignity.)

"V. Real ladies do not climb the trees in the garden in the Square. (But you can get over the difficulty by pretending to be a boy or a monkey for half an hour.)

"VI. Girls never have dirty hands — only boys. (For solution of this difficulty see note on V.)

"VII. You must *never* tell tales. Girls must be specially careful about this, not because they are more prone to do so, but because boys think they are.

"VIII. Real men never kiss girls, but they may sometimes permit girls to kiss them.

"IX. You must eat up your bread-and-butter before you have any cake. (This rule holds good, they found out later, all through life.)

"X. Do not blow upon your tea to cool it: this is very vulgar. Pour it into your saucer instead."

*Photo by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*

**Ian Hay.**
**(Mr. Ian Hay Beith.)**

Having an uneasy suspicion, as the story progressed, that he was making Pip too much of a bread-and-butter hero, the author deprived him of all his money and sent him out to earn his living as a chauffeur; then, as a last straw, he says, he invented a mildly lurid episode which he labelled "The Principal Boy: An Interlude," and dovetailed this into the narrative immediately before Pip's final apotheosis; and by this time, as he puts it, "the original Pip had faded almost entirely from the scheme of things. It nearly always happens when one sets out to include a 'real live' person in a 'made-up' story that the exigencies of narrative make it necessary to develop this character in some unexpected direction. Hence the stolid, immovable features of my original Pip were stretched and strained to a quite unrecognisable degree. But, in spite of the liberties which I have taken with his character and (probably) history, I still have to thank my Fettes friend for supplying me with the original materials—his devotion to cricket, his entire lack of imagination, and his freakish memory—for my first story."

Early in 1907 Ian Hay looked over what he had done, and recognised that he had written a book; so he had it typed, and dispatched it on a short journey of a mile or so to the historic offices of the house of Blackwood. Six weeks later it was accepted, and in the following autumn it was duly published; as Mr. Beith was anxious not to offend the susceptibilities of his sensitive scholastic profession by associating it with anything so frivolous as fiction, he cut off the last third of his name, and "Pip" appeared with the now familiar pseudonym of "Ian Hay" on the title page. It was very favourably reviewed, and an especially appreciative notice in the *Spectator* gave the sales such a fillip that before long the book was in its second edition, and it has gone on growing in popularity ever since.

"Pip" is only Ian Hay's first book, however, so far as the public is concerned. Two years previously, he had issued a small, privately printed volume of University sketches. That earlier work is not to be had now for love or money, but Ian Hay owns that more than once he has employed small portions of it "to season later dishes," and he impenitently hopes, all being well, to do the same again. Nevertheless, "Pip" was his real beginning, since he wrote that first chapter of it, which is now the third, as long ago as 1901.

In the spring of 1908 Mr. William Blackwood suggested to him that he should follow up the successful "Pip" with a book to be published that autumn, and, nothing loth, though he had taken six years to evolve his first story, he set to work to write the second in six months. Possibly the fact that it was definitely commissioned work acted as a stimulant; anyhow, "The Right Stuff" was finished by July of that year, and was scoring a new success in October. The third book, "A Man's Man," appeared serially in *Blackwood's* before it made its appearance between covers, and I ranked it as the very best of his books until I read "A Safety Match." It had originally been called "Sole Trustee," but, happily, at the eleventh hour Ian Hay re-christened it over the telephone. The heroes of "The Right Stuff" and of "A Man's Man," unlike each other in almost every other respect, have this in common—that each *is* a man's

man. It is a type that particularly appeals to Ian Hay, though he knows and depicts many other types with equal insight, and his gallery of women characters is a full and wonderfully varied one. No more subtly feminine, pleasantly provoking, utterly natural girls and women live in fiction than some of those that have their homes in his books. He has a very intimate understanding of children, too, and there are charming passages about them that I had marked for quotation; but my space is running out, and I give instead these two characteristic asides from "A Man's Man" concerning woman in general:

"My general experience—and it has been wider than you might think—has been that, once a woman takes a fancy to you, you may run counter to every canon of honesty, sobriety, and common decency, and she will cleave to you—probably, I fancy, because you arouse all the protective maternal instinct in her. On the other hand, once you get into her bad books—it may be because you deserve it, but as often as not it is because you have hot hands or once trod on her skirt in a waltz—nothing that you can do will prevent her shuddering at the very mention of your name."

"In her relations with her male belongings a woman does not expect much. Certainly not justice, nor reason, nor common sense. That which she chiefly desires—so those who know inform us—is admiration, and, if possible, kindness, though the latter is not essential. The one thing she cannot brook is neglect. Attention of some kind she must have. Satisfy her soul with this, and she will remain all you desire her to remain—*toute femme*—something for lonely mankind to thank God for."

In the eighteen months that elapsed after the publication of "A Man's Man" Ian Hay published nothing but "Bill Bailey," a short story about a second-hand motor-car; but he was busy on his fourth novel, "A Safety Match," which, after running serially in *Blackwood's*, came out in volume form in the autumn of 1911, and has proved the most successful of his books. Some striking dramatic episodes in this story arise out of a coal strike and a final disaster in one of the mines, and to get local colour for that scene Mr. Beith went down into a Lanarkshire coal-pit, under the guidance of an experienced friend, in order that he might study the working of a colliery at first hand. "The friend has since expressed his disappointment with the inadequate use which I have made of the opportunities thus afforded me," he remarks, "and, although I have pointed out to him that technical precision must occasionally give way to dramatic exigency, I fear he still regards me as a thoroughly unsound writer of fiction."

Mr. Beith has lately completed a new novel, which will start serially in *Blackwood's* about the end of the year. Its title, "Happy-Go-Lucky," is intended to indicate the disposition of the hero, who is usually addressed by his friends as "Freak"; and the tale concerns itself mainly with his love affairs, which owing to his largeness of heart and constitutional reluctance to disoblige a lady are more numerous than discreet. On its more serious side the story emphasises the truth that the most amiable butterfly, provided he has the right stuff in him, usually undergoes a complete transformation when taken in hand by the right girl. Of this mingled yarn of good and ill, human weakness and human strength, all Ian Hay's novels are woven; the quaintest, shrewdest vein of spontaneous humour sparkles through his pages; but there is a mind and a heart behind his laughter; he has the quick, exquisite sense of pathos that always goes along with the sense of humour, and his whole outlook on life is sane, and wholesome, and kindly. His success has been rapid: he has gone farther in five years than most novelists go in a lifetime, and nobody can read these four books of his without feeling that he has it in him to go very much farther yet.

X.

## NORMAN ANGELL.

THERE are two ways of achieving fame; one—infinitely the easier of the two—is to sit down and write a sensational novel, and the other to write a serious and specialised book. It sounds simple in theory, but in practice it is another matter, and the story of how "The Great Illusion" came to be written illustrates strikingly the slow, painstaking methods of genius. A few years ago Mr Norman Angell, then quite an unknown personality in the greater world of letters, set before the public in a thin octavo volume of about a hundred pages the epitome of his studies in international politics. The fate that befell "Europe's Optical Illusion"—as the book was then called—was pretty much the same that has befallen books that have been destined later to be regarded as "epoch-making" in the true sense of this much abused term. It fell absolutely flat; it was ignored both by the Press and the public alike; and now at the present moment it is being translated into seventeen languages! Mr. Norman Angell has every reason to feel grateful to whatever gods may preside over the fates of authors for the fortunate turn of events that has placed him almost at a bound as it were in the forefront of European authors.

The career of the author of "The Great Illusion" was not always passed in the study poring over the problems of peace and war. Indeed, to anyone who knows Mr. Angell personally, and the facts of his life, it is a matter for wonder that he could have found the time necessary to devote to the study even of his own particular subject and the strenuous work of putting his ideas into book form. For unlike so many beautiful and artificial creations in literature "The Great Illusion" was not the work of a night; it did not "arrive" by accident; the author did not dream it as the poets both great and small dream poems; he built it steadily bit by bit in his brain, as the builder builds a monument and the work took years of patient and laborious study.

The life of the author of "The Great Illusion" belongs more to fiction than to fact. We can only find a parallel to it in the careers of some of our novelists. Stevenson

would have shaken hands with him, not for his book, which he might not have perfectly understood; nor have appreciated the simple and direct style in which it is written, being a craftsman of elaborate designs; but for having lived the wild, open life under broad heavens and rolling plains and *not* having made a romance out of it. Therein is matter for congratulation! Perhaps after all the exotic career of Lafcadio Hearn comes nearer to that of Mr. Angell in the matter of personal adventure.

Mr. Norman Angell, who is still well under forty, was born in England. He received most of his education in France and migrated to Western America. It was here in this last country that that large slice of adventure befell him, and where he awakened to those unique ideas on world politics that were later to stir and influence all deep-thinking men both at home and abroad.

*Photo by "Daily Mirror."* **Mr. Norman Angell.**

The life of the frontiersman, which includes such a pleasant variety of occupations, as ranching, mining, "cow punching" etc., probably taught him more than all the schools; for one learns living close to nature what the man who is habituated to a hum-drum city life can never learn to the full extent; those sterling qualities of resource and decision which are as necessary in an author as in a man of affairs; and Mr. Angell is both. He was always an eager student of political and abstract questions, and in his journalistic work of this period one already traces the style and methods of the present author of "The Great Illusion." We next find him in France stemming with success that seething vortex of newspaper life in Paris; and then came the great opportunity of his life when he became connected with the business direction of one of the biggest journalistic enterprises in the French capital which brought him into immediate contact with the foremost political and commercial minds of Europe and indeed celebrities of all kinds who helped and encouraged him in his great work of political reformation. Such is the brief epitome of the twenty crowded years which resulted in "The Great Illusion."

The book itself has been subject to such a variety of misconception and misrepresentation that perhaps a few "explanations" may not be out of place in an article ostensibly dealing with the work and personality of the author. It is of course always the obvious things, the simple things, that are most subject to misinterpretation, and before a proper understanding of the thesis of "The Great Illusion" has been arrived at a few "illusions" will have to be cleared away. For example, any of the following propositions would be cheerfully accepted and have been accepted, not only by the ordinary "man in the street," but by the enlightened leaders of our thought and opinion as well, as the fundamental thesis of "The Great Illusion":

(1) That war is impossible.

(2) That war does more damage to the vanquisher than the vanquished.

(3) That war would spell instant ruin to everyone concerned.

(4) That as England would be just as well off under the Germans as under the English we might as well let the Germans come.

(5) That Bourse panics will stop war.

(6) That bankers will stop war because they find it does not pay.

None of which resembles in the remotest degree any of the propositions which Mr. Angell has laid down in his book. The whole idea of "The Great Illusion" is simply that war is an unprofitable undertaking in the twentieth century, both to the nation and to the individual who is part of that nation owing to the delicate interdependence of trade and finance. We are blinded by traditions that have passed away; haunted by shibboleths and have never really paused to think the matter out in a clear and logical manner. Mr. Angell preaches the gospel of peace but objectively; that is to say, if he had felt that any real profit, moral or material, could arise from the art of war as it is conceived and practised at the present day there would have been no need for his book and the slow, patient years in which he devoted himself to the problems of international warfare would have been given to more profitable things; but feeling and having expounded in "The Great Illusion" the folly and fallacy of war he advocates peace: it is the only alternative. He does not say, remember that war is impossible, which is a favourite misinterpretation; it is more than possible; it is even likely; and it is because it is so probable that "The Great Illusion" has become such an important factor on all questions touching on international policy. Mr. Angell endeavours in "The Great Illusion" to put the clock right for us; we are slow by several centuries; and while we are so advanced and have made such gigantic strides in other things in the domain of international politics we are absolutely stationary and remain rooted where we were at the beginning of history when plunder was the price

of war, and the rough and ready methods of the Huns and the Vandals will not work in the twentieth century. Mankind has developed materially and morally since then (whether they know it or not) and at the present moment when the nations are more than ever bound by economic interdependence and considerations of trade; when the division of labour is a tie between State and State and man and man, war and the benefits that war is supposed to bring is an individual and national "illusion." It is not war we want, but co-operation, not strife but federation. That is the real and only possible interpretation of "The Great Illusion," if read with the usual modicum of light and understanding. But one must read the book for one's self and not simply listen to what others say about it who are prejudiced in favour of war.

It is a matter of satisfaction to think that in spite of such misrepresentation that men like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Winston Churchill have allowed the tenets of "The Great Illusion" to shape their thoughts and to mould their policy; and that the work has been honoured by complimentary reference in the French Chamber—an unusual experience for a book. There is even an opinion expressed in various quarters that Mr. Angell stands a very close chance of being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize; and as he is now engaged in the active work of propaganda on the lines laid down in his book, there is probably not in Europe to-day a personality who would put it to a better use than the author of "The Great Illusion."

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

# The Booksellers' Diary.

## LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

***October 1st to November 1st, 1912.***

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**Mrs. Fred Reynolds,**

whose new novel, "Letters to a Prison," will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. With Mrs. Reynolds are her son and daughter, the latter known already as the author of a successful book, "Red of the Rock."

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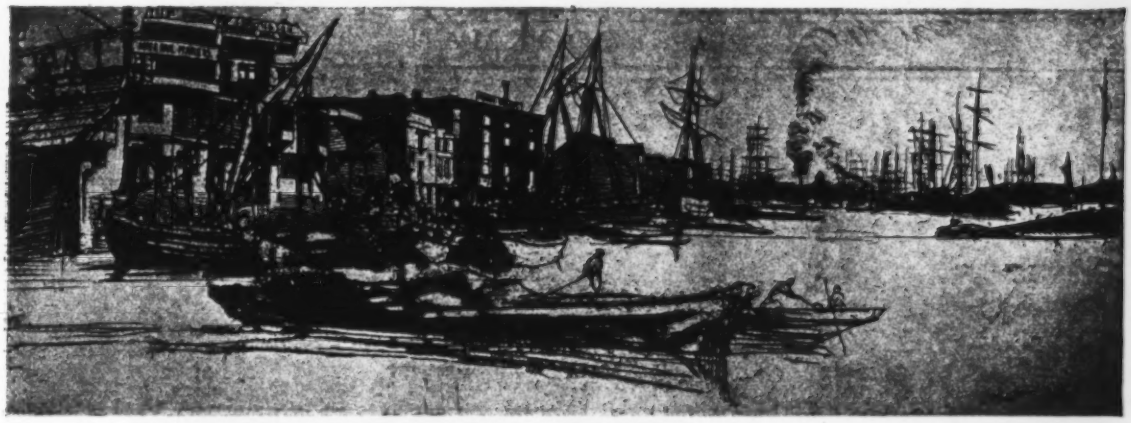


**Thames Warehouses.**
(Whistler.)

# THE READER.

## THE TRIUMPH OF WHISTLER.

By Joseph Pennell.

(Joint Author with Elizabeth Robins Pennell of the Authorised Life of Whistler.)

"HE being dead yet speaketh." Never were these words better exemplified than in the case of Whistler. It is true that only nine short years have passed since his death, but in these nine years great things have happened to the memory of the artist whom Sir E. J. Poynter insulted by calling "the Idle Apprentice," after his death, at an Academy banquet; though Whistler's greatness as an artist was acknowledged before the close of his life—and he lived long enough to know that his place was among the great. His eminence among artists is now assured, as almost all his most important canvases have been secured by the most important galleries of the world. His few great pictures still in private collections would at once be acquired by other great galleries if they could be acquired. And nothing counts more for the fame of an artist than to live, hung in a great collection, with the great works of all ages and all lands.

In portraiture, in his nocturnes and marines, he is the modern master.

In etching he is the supreme artist of all time, and his supremacy is universally acknowledged.

His pastels and water colours and lithographs are among the triumphs of the art of our day.

**Portrait of Whistler, by Himself.**
In the George M'Culloch Collection.

His works thus cover nearly every phase of the graphic arts, but as he himself has said, "the man who can't paint everything, can't paint anything."

In literature—for he was no mere painter—"The Ten O'Clock" and "The Gentle Art" are classics that, founded on the rock of tradition, will endure for ever.

By his personality and his wit he will live with Dr. Johnson and Cellini. But this is not all. His theories are accepted by those who never knew he propounded them, as well as by those who have always known he was right when he uttered them.

His sayings—and the things he never could have said—are the stock-in-trade of the journalist, as well as the author, now they have ceased reviling him—reviling the very things they now quote and praise.

His pictures, which for years he could not sell, are found in reproductions in every home and on the popular postcard.

His etchings and lithographs are the base of every collection—and their possession the ambition of every collector.

Surrounding and growing amid these facts are the strangest fictions, for to the world he was a man of mystery, and from this mystery fantastic tales are being woven.

**Major George Washington Whistler, Father of the Artist.**
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

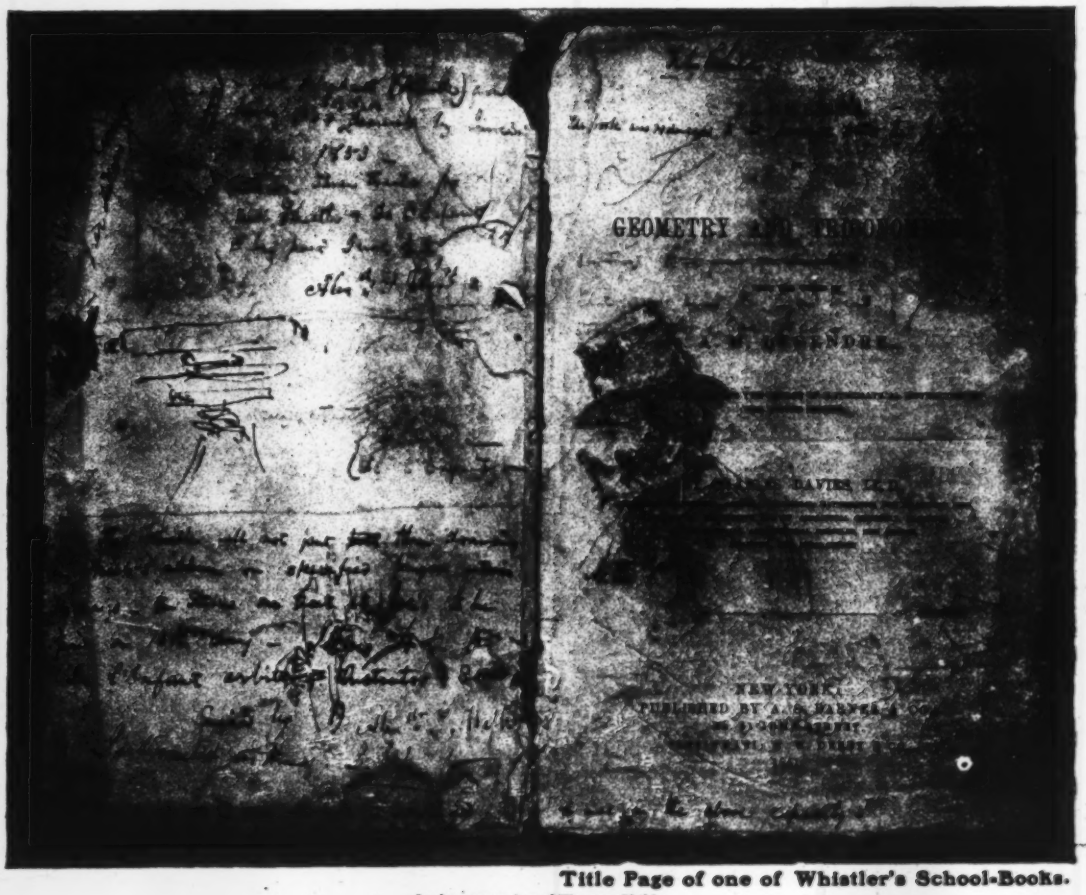
Though he is no longer with us, his spirit broods over the world, and, as in his life, almost everything that happens in the world of art revolves around his work and his word, and he, as always, is the subject of controversy, quotation, contention and appreciation, in the struggle for the right, and to carry on tradition which, as he said, carries everything onwards.

* * * * *

The tributes to his memory in writing are endless and increase year by year. To most men a biography is the end of a life, the pigeon-holing of a personage. Whistler has been the inspiration of a whole library of literature, and what passes for it. From the point of view of THE BOOKMAN, this literary tribute to his memory is astounding—and therefore worth discussing—and it has, save by us, scarcely been referred to. In the nine years since his death, between sixteen and twenty complete books about him have been published.

**Whistler's Mother**
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Within a short time after his death the first volume appeared—"The Art of James McNeill Whistler," by Messrs. Way and Dennis, who say their book was prepared before his death with the intention of submitting it to him. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they did not do so, for Mr. Way had broken with Whistler, and Mr.



**Title Page of one of Whistler's School-Books.**
In the possession of Thomas Childs.
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Dennis, I do not think, had ever seen him. Still another chapter of "The Gentle Art" was lost to the world because he was not consulted, but the book was interesting, especially the part about lithography, and it went through several editions.

Then came the "quick and ready" Mr. Mortimer Menpes, with "Whistler as I knew him," though no one I ever met could recognise Mr. Menpes' subject. This volume was saved by its illustrations, and it is extraordinary that it—in the large paper edition—was no success, for it contained an original etching, "The Menpes Children," by Whistler; but the text still lingers in my memory, as does much of the Menpes' family writing—a strange thing, but their own. An inundation followed. Mrs. Arthur Bell got out a volume, though I believe in this, or perhaps another form, it had been referred to Whistler shortly before his death, and he had objected to it. Then—I cannot give the order, I haven't the books by me—a volume in German by Prof. Dr. Hans W. Singer was issued and was later done into English. The feature of this was that the author had neither seen the artist nor many of his paintings. He explains that he came to England for the purpose, and was received, he says, by the sound of whistling behind a safely locked door. But Dr. Singer's study of the etchings and lithographs is of value.

A Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary appeared in America with a very brief life, a very long appreciation, and the first attempt at a catalogue of Whistler's paintings, but as she, too, had never seen most of them, it was not strange that she made an almost incredible mess, and so proved herself most amusing without meaning to. Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy told of many things, but the best were his "Recollections" of the times he posed for the painter and became known in his native town of Chicago as "the man Whistler painted."

**Paul Moody House, Worthen Street, Lowell, Mass. U.S.A., where Whistler was born. 1834.**

From a photo supplied by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Emma Palmer.
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition) by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Bernhard Sickert did a little book mostly about Whistler's art, and he had something to say. He made a better list than Miss Cary of the works, but Sickert is an artist. His brother Walter has been threatening a book on Whistler for years.

Otto Bacher wrote from knowledge, he was there, "With Whistler in Venice." This book contained, in the first edition, some most extraordinary letters, and Miss Philip—Whistler's executrix—having eventually seen them, suppressed the volume. It was never issued, I think, in England. She also descended upon Mr. Haldane MacFall who, during the London Whistler Memorial Exhibition, 1905, rushed in and out with "Whistler, Butterfly, Wasp, Wit," embellished with Butterflies Caught—as he should not—and Miss Philip suppressed him too.

**The Two Brothers**
**(Whistler and his Younger Brother, William).**

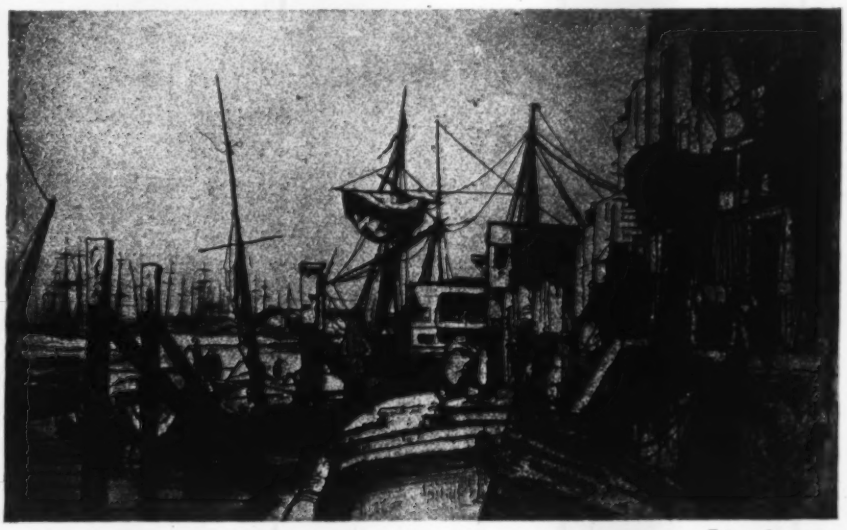
From the miniature lent by Miss Emma Palmer. Formerly in the possession of Mrs. George D. Stanton and Miss Emma W. Palmer.
From *Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

An amusing fact about this work was that the first editions were dedicated to Mrs. Pennell and myself, but as the Committee of the Whistler Memorial Exhibition felt sure that entanglements would be inevitable with Miss Philip, they refused to place it on sale in the show, so the author removed the dedication to us from later editions: one of the most comical performances I ever encountered.

A series of suppressions seized on Miss Philip. She stopped a circular which contained a butterfly—Whistler's butterflies being copyright; she went for the International Catalogue, which did not contain any then—though some were put in afterwards; she suppressed a Mr. Gallatin; and she tried to injunct, seize, and prevent the

publication of the "Authorised Life," dragged us into the Court of Chancery, and succeeded in proving legally that we were authorised to write the "Life of Whistler"—at considerable cost to herself. This book, which has gone through a number of editions, and is being translated, has proved a mine of information to hacks and thieves. It is incredible that the new law of copyright, in both England and America, is so imperfect that two whole volumes have been made out of our "Life" already, and the authors—or thieves—have been praised for their discoveries—discoveries they made in our volumes and printed with scarce the change of a word—and no acknowledgment.

M. Théodore Duret, an intimate friend before we knew Whistler, and an intimate friend till his death, wrote an admirable essay—"Whistler"—which is now out of print.



**Limehouse.**

One of Whistler's series of Thames etchings.

Mr. Way has just issued a volume of "Memories," notable for two things. His account is most complete of Whistler as a lithographer—for Way printed almost all of Whistler's lithographs, and his book is, therefore, authoritative—and for the reproduction, for the first time, of many most interesting notes and sketches. There are several other volumes, some of which I cannot recall—many of them are in the bibliography signed "Don C. Seitz," the contents of which strangely resemble the work of a vanished Mr. Shallard, who was at work on the same subject, sent round prospectuses and specimen pages, and then disappeared.

There are also a large number of books, either more or less devoted to the artist and his work, or containing essays by writers, from Duret—whose "Critique D'Avant Garde" was the first serious study—to Wedmore who, at last, has swallowed himself in his endeavour to be on the right side. Then there are George Moore, Meier Graefe, Zola, Holman Hunt, and, last of all, the author of "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris," whose article on Whistler when it was submitted to me was the poorest trash I ever read.

"Golly, what a crew," as Whistler would have said. There are some fifty of them, I imagine, and as for magazine and newspaper articles, I have collected more than fifty folio volumes since his death. I advised the Board of Education to do this for the South Kensington library, but they did not cut the necessary knot of red tape in time, and they could not untangle it, any more than the British Museum could continue to buy his prints. After purchasing—this was done by Sir Sidney Colvin's predecessor—more than one hundred of them, Colvin discovered that the works of living artists could not be bought, and this discovery has cost the British nation the loss of endless treasures for ever, as well as endless and unnecessary expense in the future.

**Rotherhithe.**

"Whistler in 1860 devoted more time to painting on the river and less to etching, though the *Rotherhithe* belongs to this year."—*Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

**Black Lion Wharf**
**(Whistler).**

"*Thames Warehouses* and *Black Lion Wharf* won him recognition as 'the most admirable etcher of the present day.'"—*Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann)

**Whistler.**

Etched by himself (1859).

His work, too, has been the sport of cataloguers, beginning in the early seventies with Ralph Thomas's catalogue of his etchings. Then Wedmore, "refreshed with money," as he says, blundered in and produced the worst catalogue I can conceive of—and he even had some help from the artist, he says. It went through two editions, and was exposed by "An Amateur," who corrected the most obvious blunders and filled in the most glaring omissions. It, however, is still used by people who don't know better, and still puffed and praised by its author.

**Whistler in the Big Hat.**

In the possession of Charles L. Freer.

"It is evident that his own portrait, *Whistler in the Big Hat*, was suggested by Rembrandt's *Young Man in the Louvre*"—*Life of Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Mr. Howard Mansfield, after years of work, prepared a complete catalogue for the Caxton Club of Chicago, which would have been almost perfect, had he not fallen into a slough of states and proofs. Mr. E. G. Kennedy, soon after, got out a huge monument in four folio volumes for the Grolier Club, which is a most unfortunate example of misdirected energy. The plates which have been described are not described finally, or even at all, only referred to by numbers, and it requires a library—very inaccessible—of other catalogues to use it; the feature is the reproduction of nearly all the plates. Mr. Freer, the great American collector and admirer of Whistler, did everything he could—to interfere. But the worst thing is the arrangement and make up of the book which would have horrified Whistler, and it is further disfigured by an essay by an American journalist, whose name and

**Whistler.**

A chalk drawing by himself.
In the possession of Thomas Way.

knowledge add nothing but avoirdupois to the volume. Since Whistler's death, Way has brought out a final edition of his catalogue of lithographs, though he acknowledges there are more prints to be added. The etchings have been repeatedly noticed and catalogued in the Keppel Booklets, a series which has circulated as many as 50,000 copies of some of the volumes. Mr. Keppel, too, wrote a pamphlet "One day with Whistler," which the subject I fear—had he seen it—would scarcely have delighted in—though he was delighted with Mr. Elbert Hubbard's Journey ("Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists"), roaring over it—but I believe the book and its author are taken very seriously in the United States.

The fullest general catalogue of "Whistlers" was that of the Memorial Exhibition of the International Society

**Miss Annie Haden.**
Dry point etching by Whistler (1860).
From the Royal Collection, Windsor.

of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, London, 1905. I wrote this—with Mrs. Pennell. It was badly copied by the Paris Memorial, worse by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and comically by Mr. Canfield—without even measurements of the works being given. Not even those great and good etchers, Messrs. Brangwyn, Strang, Cameron, Haig and Bone, put together, can equal this list of catalogues—but they have each, I imagine, made more plates.

There is one most important side of the man's life for which the world waits: his letters. When Miss Philip brought suit against us, and endeavoured to get out an injunction to prevent our issuing the "Authorized Life" and failed, she swore that Whistler asked her to edit his letters, and that she was to take her time about it—that at any rate she has done—but even to this day, there are large collections she has never taken the trouble to look at—at least one collection, of the greatest value, has been lost or destroyed—and others are sold and scattered. I have no idea what material she has, but I know much that she has not, and without several collections which she has never seen she cannot do the work properly. Yet others are—by the law of copyright and her enforcing of it—prevented from doing that which they are only too ready and willing to do, and cannot, and she will not. A properly edited collection of Whistler's letters would be one of the most remarkable books of modern times. Miss Philip also possesses, or did possess, Whistler's attempt at autobiography—only a few chapters of which I believe were written. Had he taken the time and trouble to write it all, a new Cellini—but a Whistler—would have resulted. These chapters were written, read to Mr. Heinemann, and the scheme given up before Whistler asked us to write his life.

This triumph, however—this literary triumph—has not meant only a pæan of praise. The world-wide success of the man and the artist has awakened a new class of enemies and detractors for Whistler.

Pupils have turned into traitors, or others have endeavoured to prove them the creators, the inventors.

Some few writers have always been consistent, and it is better to hate wrongly and honestly, even if ignorantly, than to swallow yourself, simply to be on the correct, or what you think the correct, side. More writers have simply tried to be in the movement, and so praised because they thought they ought to, and usually praised the wrong thing. I, myself, have, over and

**Sir Henry Irving as Philip II.**
**By Whistler.**
Sold at Christie's in 1903 for 4,800 guineas, and now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

**La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine.**

In the possession of Charles L. Freer.

This painting is a portrait of Miss Christine Spartali, daughter of the Greek Consul-General in London.

over, been accused of praising everything by Whistler, when, over and over, I have condemned things both in the man and his work I did not like—because I did not believe in the way he was painting or acting. But I did it to his face, never behind his back, and this is, possibly, one reason why I never had a quarrel with him, though we had endless fights. It is also said I got on with him because I was American; possibly this is true also, for we were both of that almost extinct race, American Americans, though his southern and my northern unreconstructed beliefs found much to differ in. But, at any rate, I tried to be true to the man and to fight with and for him—in exhibitions—in life—in the Press—and I mean to be true to his memory. I know perfectly well I had something to do with his triumph, and I glory in that—his triumph was the triumph of art, and it was a great and noble thing to have the chance to work for that, which was working for him. A man more devoted to the highest perfection he could attain never lived. To achieve this, he took incredible and endless pains, and he was a genius, whether taking pains makes one or no.

**Glimpses of Whistler.**

Four snapshots taken by Mr. W. Heinemann, with whose permission they are here reproduced.

The world of art has acknowledged his greatness by three great Memorial Exhibitions—a tribute no other modern has received—in America, France and England, though English and American official art had nothing to do with them. The public—which he cared nothing for—has, tamely, blindly, accepted him everywhere.

Interesting also, but a reason of enmity now, is his financial success on every side. Seeing this, dealers—some of them—and critics—most of them—are doing everything possible to boom their protégés, to send up the financial value of men who have yet a national, to say nothing of an international, reputation to make. It may, in this day of best sellers and biggest prices, be worth while for a moment to recall the sums Whistler received during his lifetime for his etchings and lithographs, and compare them with the sums received for the work of budding genius—in some cases there is no sign of the bud, and never will be.

Whistler's "Douze Eaux Fortes" was sold by him for two guineas (or fifty francs) a set of twelve, thirteen with the cover. The sixteen Thames Etchings for twelve guineas.

The Venice Etchings, first set of twelve, sold for fifty guineas, about four each—and it was years before the Fine Art Society got rid of them, and they never issued another set for him, but went back to the London plates, the Thames set, which they sold for from one to two guineas each for years after. The second Venice set contained twenty-six proofs, and he could only get for these twenty-six, fifty guineas—the same price as for the twelve, and only about one-third the number of sets was printed. He never could get anyone to publish a set for him after this, though he made sets of etchings in France (two), Belgium and Holland.

For single etchings, proofs, he got from two guineas to fifteen, at the end; for his lithographs, until his death, from two to five guineas. Now people one knows nothing

about, as his plates are bringing enormous prices, want the same prices people pay for his work to-day because they cannot get it otherwise. Dealers run up the other people and buy them in, in the hope of a demand made by themselves. There is a slight difference—but the world don't see it.

Whistler never worked for anything but his art. He believed in that, and knew it would be appreciated—as it is. But no portrait painter ever painted so many portraits and yet had so few commissions—and this is true of all his work—but a few did believe in him, and they were enough. He knew it was fatal to be popular, and he spurned popularity—though he made the people he wished look at his things. To have believed in him always was our good fortune, and it was an opportunity which has come to no one since Boswell to be asked to write such a man's life, to be asked by him to write the life of the greatest artist of modern times and our greatest friend. We have written as strongly as we could and we have nothing to take back—we have told the truth as we know it, and we stand by it. We shall never again see a man in whom we can believe with all our mights and with all our hearts and with all our souls. We know that Whistler was the greatest artist of modern times, and the most interesting man of our time. We have made the world see this, and we have hastened his coming into his own. But without us or any writers, by his work alone he would have been acknowledged the great man he is. We have had the chance to show it—the chance of our lives—and we are proud of it. We have done the best we could. But we shall never have such a chance again, and we know his fame is too secure for any to prevail against it.

## WHISTLER.*

By G. S. Layard.

WHISTLER was a diamond with many facets, and being also a *poseur*, he presented himself at different angles to different people. Already we have had him described from the optical angles of Monsieur Duret, Mr. Mortimer Menpes, Mr. Otto Bacher, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, and a host of others. Now we have the opportunity of seeing him from the angle which he presented to Mr. T. R. Way in a little book which, though somewhat desultory, is never dull. It is chatty and has some good stories. But it is not for these that we welcome it. Rather is it for the side-lights which it throws on Whistler as lithographer and pastellist that it will be eagerly read by those who prefer to overlook the "mountebank" and pay homage to the artist.

And when we say "mountebank" it was surely rather the world that was to blame than the man. For the world gets what it deserves, and Whistler was not the only genius who has thought it necessary to descend to the cutting of ridiculous capers for the sake of getting people to listen to his serious message. The man who sings however badly standing on his head is sure of a great audience. The man who sings however well standing on his two legs may count himself fortunate if he gets any hearing at all.

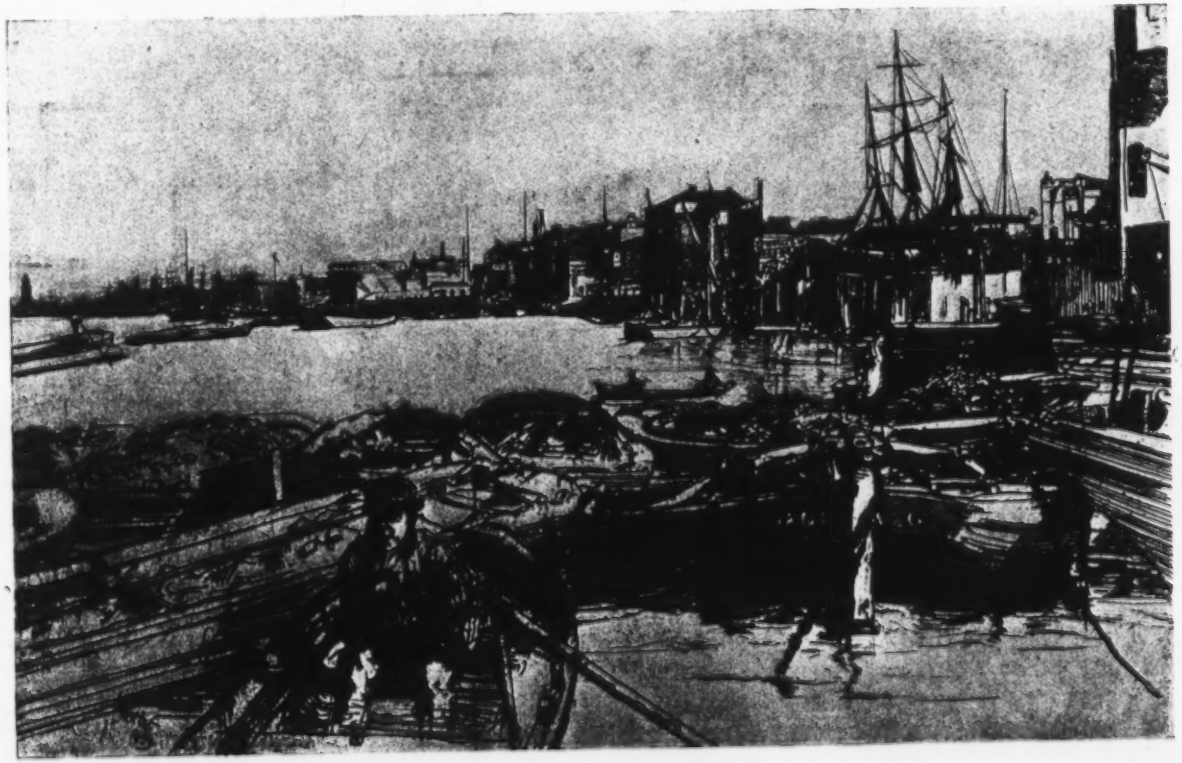
Discursive though this book is, it yet leaves one definite impression, that of Whistler "as the keen, untiring student and worker, rather than the brilliant figure in society or the keen fighter." And this impression is agreeably intensified by the nature of the illustrations. These being mainly reproductions of sketches and notes for pictures, we seem to surprise the artist at his moments of creation and to hear him as Mr. Way aptly puts it "thinking aloud." What a great earnestness there was in the man to do the best possible that was in him. How punctual he was to destroy what did not come up to the high standard that he set himself. It may seem puerile to some, but it was wholly characteristic of his passion for completeness, that his care about anything to do with writing was as intense as if he were making an etching or painting a picture, and his great feeling for composition, which is really the basis of all decoration, showed itself in such details as the addressing of an envelope or postcard. "I have known him," says Mr. Way, "to go

Drawn by T. R. Way.

**Sketch of Whistler whilst he was Retouching a Stone.**

From "Memories of James McNeill Whistler," by T. R. Way (John Lane).

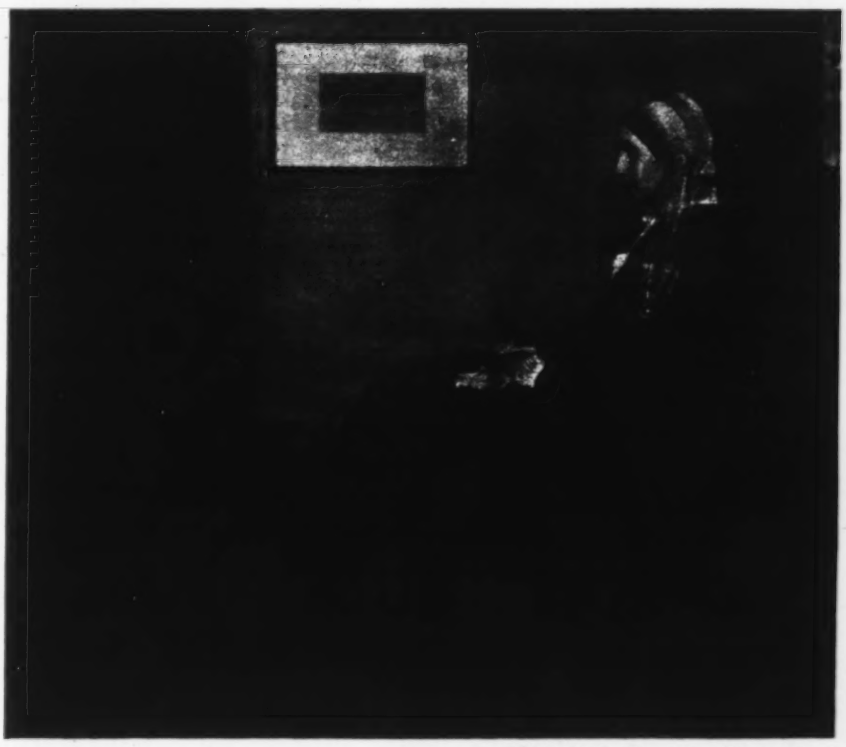
* "Memories of James McNeill Whistler, the Artist." By T. R. Way. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)



**The Pool.**
(Whistler).

to the post office himself rather than trust anyone else to fix on the stamp for him, lest it should not be exactly in its right place!"

Again and again through the book this note of intense determination that nothing but the best should go forth from his studio is sounded, and the writer of this volume is peculiarly fitted to insist upon this because of the intimate nature of the services which he rendered to the artist. Himself an adept in the process invented by Senefelder, it was lithography that was the cause of Mr. Way's first coming into touch with Whistler. And lithography is a method of reproduction, which besides offering the artist every variety of strength from black to white, and an almost unexplored field of colour suggestion, can legitimately claim to be the one *positive* process by which an artist can multiply his ideas. Like etching it is autographic, but unlike etching, and in this immeasurably its superior, the worker in it is able to see exactly what he is doing and, with experience, to know exactly what the print for which he is working will yield. In lithography there is no possibility of the printer "assisting" the drawing with "retroussage," or spreading of the ink as is frequently done in etching. As a result the lithograph is the pure and undiluted work of the artist himself. True, there is a certain quality in Whistler's etchings that is wanting in his lithographs, but this is in a sense accidental, and there is a growing conviction in other minds besides Mr. Way's that for the reproductive side of his art he found in lithography the most sympathetic and perfect medium of all. Certainly Whistler himself looked upon his later lithographs, when he had become the master of that method, as having qualities equal to, though of course differing from, those of his finest etchings. I myself am the fortunate possessor of his works in both media —the lithographs cost me a penny a piece—and I always feel nearer the master, more certain that I have received his message when contemplating those wrought in the less showy medium.



**Whistler's Famous Portrait of His Mother.**

Now in the Luxembourg.

If genius consists in the infinite capacity for taking pains, which I deny, then certainly Whistler had it. But he had much more than this. He had the power of accomplishing things at which no mere artificer, however industrious, however skilful, and with infinite time at his disposal, could ever have arrived. That I think is the better definition of genius. In other words, he was gifted with the eye of the seer, which could pluck out all that was essential and disregard all that was superfluous. We have all laughed at the story of Oscar Wilde, who, after a hard morning's work, professed to have removed a single comma from a set of verses and, after another strenuous morning, to have put it back again. But we forget the many vacuous mornings of our own in which not even so much as a comma has been wrestled with.

On p. 69 Mr. Way strikes a note which we who have learned through contemplation of the work of the great artists to see a new heaven and a new earth, should be instant in season and out of season in impressing upon our fellows who look upon pictures as the end and aim of pictorial art. Writing of Whistler's magnetic influence on all who came in contact with him, Mr. Way says "whenever I had been with him in the studio, nature was always full of his pictures when I left." If only everyone would realise the great significance of that, we should not see the bored and bewildered faces which render our picture galleries such melancholy gathering places. If only people could be brought to believe that the great artist is putting down on paper or canvas for all time something of his wonderful insight, something other than a mere transcript of what anyone can see for himself, they would then go out into the world with eyes open and able, in a measure, to pierce below the surface of things and see the essential beauty that exists in the heaven that lies about them.

Isn't it Clementina Wing, in Mr. Locke's clever nove of that name, who says to her sitter: "How on earth do you think I should be able to paint you if it hadn't been for Velasquez?" Now, we can't all be artists

like that clever lady, but we can all learn, like her, to see nature through the spectacles of a Keats, a Velasquez, or a Whistler, if only we will humbly sit at their feet and try to understand.

This, it is clear, Mr. Way has done, and it is this that makes his beautiful little volume worth reading.

His attitude is the becoming one of the disciple rather than the critic, a refreshing attitude in these days when Jack is as good as his master—and a little better.

# "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## OCTOBER, 1912.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Rhymed Alphabet on the books of this autumn and their authors.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best Lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mrs. S. Parker, of Fountayne Street, Goole, E. Yorks, and HALF A GUINEA to William A. Lambe, of 7, Paston Place, Brighton, for the following:

I have sailed many seas, I have heard many tongues, I have seen many lands,
In a world that is fair as Heaven, and foul as the darkest place,
I have kept through it all, as God helped me, the touch of your hands;
I have lived many days by the light I last saw on your face.

**Whistler in His Study.**

*From a photograph by M. Dornac.*

I have gathered me gold, I have
gathered me gems, I have
gathered me goods—
Riches and treasures, men call
them; — I laugh, — I was
rich before:
The memory of all that you said,
that Spring day when we
walked in the woods
Makes me careless of all my
new gains—makes me rich
evermore.

I have seen a new grave, I have
looked on their tears, I have
heard them say "*Death*."
They say it is you who died,
and have passed from our
hearts away.
God be praised that the soul is a
living flame that dies not out
with the breath—
They are wrong, for you live;
you are mine. You spoke
to my spirit to-day!

MRS. S. PARKER.

THE PRINCESS CHOOSES.

Had I been wise, I would
have passed you by,
On that fair morning when
from out the wood,
Running you came to greet me and I stood
Spell-bound to see such longing in your eye.

What could I do but fold you to my breast?
I could not fight at all against the power
Of your triumphant love; it was an hour
Of perfect joy, of sorrow dispossessed.

Had I been wise I should have bid you go
Before your lips had kissed my fears away,
Shaming my doubt of you which till that day
Had robbed me of my treasure, brought me woe.

Had I not seen the signal, heard the call,
The clear, sweet call which only love can make,
I had not lost a kingdom for your sake,
Had I been wise; but wisdom is not all.

* * * * *

I come to thee belovéd, let me lean
Upon thy strength, support me, lift me up;
I shall not shrink to put aside the cup
Of princely favours; let me be thy Queen.

WM A. LAMBE.

We select for printing:

IN SEPARATION.

Dear, though I may not know
How you are faring, as day follows day,
Peacefully blank, monotonously grey,
This heart and soul must go

On an impassioned quest:
"We found you once—our joy and strength and home!
And, till we find again, must ever roam,
Knowing no human rest."

Dearest, your pleading hands,
That often told me what you could not say,
Seem stretched out still to draw me on the way
Through dark bewild'ring lands

Of Time and Life—to You!
Still through the mist there shines for me your face!
(*O God of Love, in Thine own hour and place,*
*Make the dear Vision true!*)

(Helen K. Watts, Lenton Vicarage, Nottingham.)

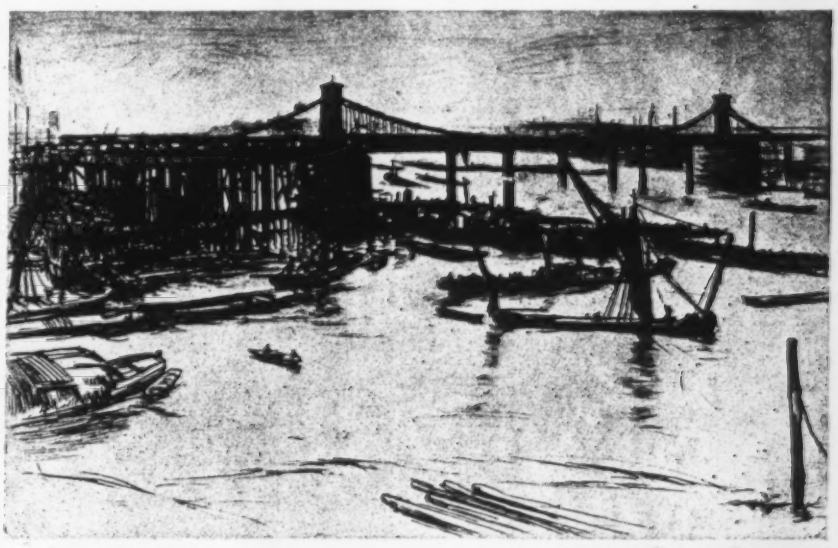
A BALLAD OF BURIAL.

My Lady sat in her lonely bower,
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)
Silent she sat full many an hour,
Her hair hung down in a golden shower:
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

Her face was wan as a frozen sea;
Her lids were hot as coals might be,
Beneath, her eyes stared woefully.

My Lady heard in the court below
The fall of feet in the crackling snow,
The priests and the mourners, sad and slow.

They bore me by on drapèd bier,
While throbbing through me sharp and clear
My Lady's heart I seemed to hear.



**Old Hungerford Bridge**
**(Whistler).**

They set me down among the dead,
With candles twain at feet and head,
And pallid shroud upon me spread.

My Lady came, unseen, unheard,
But I felt her soul like a maddened bird
Fluttering round as the flame-light stirred.

The graven tombs our bodies keep,
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)
But our souls are sunk in slumber deep
Till God shall break their tranced sleep:
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

(Norman Davidge Gullick, 6, Chantry Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

TOO LATE.

("O for five minutes more of her, to tell her with what love and admiration as of the beautifullest of known human souls, I did intrinsically always regard her.")

*Carlyle to his dead wife.*

If I had known how soon in Death's calm slumber
Your busy hands and beating heart would rest,
Could I have left the gracious word unspoken,
Disguising all the love within my breast?
Reproachful memories around me gather,
The burdens that I might have helped you bear,
The hours I might have made less long and lonely,
The joys you vainly sought with me to share.

It is too late to offer reparation,
And though my eyes be dimmed with sorrow keen,
I cannot bring them back—the years departed,
But only think of all that might have been.
In solitude my pathway now pursuing,
Without your smile, your voice's gentle tone,
I can but seek Heaven's pitying forgiveness,
And cry in penitence—"if I had known!"

O ye, whose daily pilgrimage is brightened
And blessed by some sweet presence at your side,
Remember 'tis the *spoken* love that feedeth,
By this alone the heart is satisfied.
Keep not ensealed your fountains of affection,
No word of tenderness leave e'er unsaid,
Better strew flow'rs of kindness for the living,
Than lay them in despair upon the dead.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

A SLEEPLESS SORROW.

1.

I had a sorrow that refused to sleep
Usurping still my restless couch by night,
Robbing my days of comfortable light,
Driving me forth to curse my gods and weep.

2.

I took my sorrow to the woodland wild
Where pigeons crooned and all things seemed at rest,
But still it turned to rend my anguished breast
And send me on my way unreconciled.

3.
Where ling and heather crowned
the purple hill
I sought to lay my sorrow in
the grave,
With songs of hope and resolu-
tion brave
No tomb could hold my grief.
It claimed me still.

4.
I sought a sobbing channel of
the sea,
That in a dark and dreadful
cave made moan;
The surges warred on unrelent-
ing stone,
And crept, and curled, and
spurned my grief and me.

5.
Bitter and cold uprose the sullen
tide
With rolling echoes of the tor-
tured deep,
And then, at length, my sorrow
fell asleep
And I forgot, and, in forgetting,
died.

(Irene Barlow, Clogher Park, Tyrone.)

**Whistler's Famous Residence, The White House, Tite Street, Chelsea.**

We specially commend also the Lyrics sent in by Alfred Barnes (Forest Gate), Rose M. Lomas (Newbury), Florence E. Briggs (Crown Hill), Katharine Sidebottom (Bramhall), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Jeanne Butler (Westbury-on-Trym), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Martin A. Kennedy (South Shields), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Morris F. Cock (Ashford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Helen Lanyon (London, W.), Elizabeth P. Sholl (Yatton), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Mervyn Davies (London, W.), Violet Pascoe Williams, E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Gwenn F. Narnham (Gillingham), Edward Howard (Putney), Mrs. A. E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), B. Vickery (Bradford), Maude Carter (Redland), W. M. Lodge, Henry S. Baker, Jas. Thompson (Aberdeen), Marjorie D. Niven (Peterhead), Grace M. Measham (Newcastle), Miss M. Swann (Great Missenden), Mary Bradford Whiting (Ramsgate), Doris Dean (Bromley), Ethel M. Adams (Whitchurch), Miss G. Hennings (St. Albans), Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), Amelia D. Light (Enfield), Edith Conquer (Liscard), Mrs. A. A. Green (Wolverhampton), L. Port (Clapton), Walter G. Priest (Norwich), D. C. Yarrow (Glasgow), Ursula Roberts (Rugby), G. A. C. M. (Glasgow), Grace M. Measham (Jesmond), Gus. Lenorme (Bingley), C. E. Sladden (Luton), E. L. Fairweather (Leytonstone), D. McLaren (Leith), Jas. Mitchell (Edinburgh), J. Tarry (Richmond), H. R. Smith (Newcastle), Mrs. Ring (Birmingham), Edwin Walters (Denmark Hill), Lily Irwin (Leamington), Thomas Moult (Manchester), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green, N.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), Wayland Young (Sheffield), Ada Baxter (Leicester), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor, Co. Down), Harold J. Taylor (Ramsgate), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (Ladbroke Grove, W.), Maude Colett (Cheltenham), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton, N.E.), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), V. Ford (Clifton), Louie Gray (Frinton-on-Sea), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Frank Garrett (Birmingham), Margaret Painter (Wimbledon), Mabel A. McMolyneux (St. Albans), Ethel Painter (Wimbledon), Edward Griffiths (Liverpool), Dorothy Poole (Godalming), Gertrude Pitt (Belsize Park, N.W.), H. M. Winter (Dublin), Wallace Davies (Prees, Salop), Lilian Hyde (Prees, Salop), Mrs. A. H. Sale (Polesworth), S. Gertrude Ford (Bournemouth), Eric V. Overell (Leamington), Mrs. Lesley M. Keighley (New Brighton), Alfred Barnes (Forest Gate, E.), Beryl M. May (Farnham), J. G. Horne (Blairdrummond, Perth), Jean MacDiarmid (Largs), E. J. Oliver (Wood Green, N.), Miss V. A. Callander (London, S.W.), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill, S.E.), G. F. Holme (Great Malvern), P. Lynch (Bowes Park, N.), H. Beckett

**Group in Whistler's Studio.**

From a photograph lent by Ralph Curtis.
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

*Painted by J. McNeill Whistler* — *From an etching by William Hole, R.S.A.*

# Whistler

*From the picture in the collection of George McCulloch, Esq.*
*Dux Eng. Co. Ltd.*

*Printed at the Edinburgh Press, London, E.C.*

(Wolverhampton), Effie Philp (Edinburgh), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood, N.W.), E. Hartley (Dacre Banks, Yorks), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby) Maurice Frank (Brixton, S.W.), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), R. W. King (Catford, S.E.), Miss G. M. Clive (Birmingham), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Constance Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell, S.W.), Eric Trayler Cook (London, N.), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), Hugh G. Griffiths (Bury), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Fred W. Quinton-Anderson (Edinburgh), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), J. W. James (Cardigan), M. S. Carter (Brighton), W. Hodgson Burnett (Kensington, W.), E. R. (Hull), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Miss C. Ward (Bridlington), P. Selver (Fulham, S.W.), Isaac Rosenberg (Hampstead, N.W.), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), Florence Bagster (Kendal), C. Evan Jones (Brockenhurst), William Kettle (Streatham, S.W.), C. B. Lugden (Wakefield), H. Faure (London, N.W.), Frank Brebner, jun. (Aberdeen), Janet Agnes Bell (Edinburgh), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), M. Thorpe (Catford, S.E.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), John G. Fletcher (London, W.C.), Olivia Moir (Manchester), Margaret S. Ogle (Englefield Green), V. W. Ware (Southsea), Alfred C. Ward (Hackney, N.E.), Mrs. Sarah J. Cole (Nottingham), Josephine Gregory (Bradford), Alice Davis (Folkestone), Crawford Neil (Dublin), A. Kate Hickson (Leicester), Gladys King (Hornsey, N.), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), E. A. Lawrence (Liverpool), and Phyllis Morris (Hove.)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss K. Elsie Hurst, of 103, Park Crescent, North Shields, for the following:

SHOULD I GO TO THE BAR?
BY J. J. GREGSON SLATER.
(Elliot Stock.)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."
BEN JONSON—*To Celia.*

We also select for printing:

THE VICAR'S SECRET. BY C. E. JEFFREY. (Murray & Evenden.)

"They came and stole my garments,
My stockings, all my store,
But they could not steal my sermons
For they were stolen before."
REV. H. TOWNSHEND—*Epigram.*

(G. W. Turner, 17, Lister Street, Rotherham.)

KNICKERBOCKER DAYS.
BY HARRIS TWEED.

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more!"
SHAKESPEARE—*Henry VI.*

(Miss Margaret S. Ogle, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, S.O., Surrey.)

LADY ERMYNTRUDE AND THE PLUMBER.
BY PERCY FENDALL. (Stephen Swift.)

"But they couldn't chat together
They had not been introduced."
W. S. GILBERT—*Etiquette.*

(Miss F. M. Jamieson, 11, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common, London, S.W.)

A CHILD'S VISIONS. BY DAPHNE ALLEN.
(G. Allen & Sons.)

"Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd
And lucent sirops, tinct with cinnamon."
JOHN KEATS—*Eve of St. Agnes.*

(George A. C. MacKinlay, 9, Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.)

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Epitaph on the late summer in four lines of verse is awarded to L. A. Pooler, care of The Ven. Archdeacon of Down, The Rectory, Downpatrick, Ireland, for the following:

EPITAPH ON THE LATE SUMMER.

Tears are for parting; thou did'st weep alway,
Now storm-begirt, now sobbing soft and low;
Thy "name is writ in water," wherefore we
Dry-eyed do stand, and gladly watch thee go!
L. A. POOLER.

The best of the numerous other Epitaphs received are those sent in by A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Mrs. Keighley (New Brighton), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Thos. Ingle (Sutton), Donald R. Gooding (Southwold), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Marion Burd (Llangair),

**Bust of Whistler.**

In the possession of the Duchess of Argyll.
From *Life of Whistler* (first edition), by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

**Waterloo Bridge from the Savoy**
**(Whistler).**

M. Kennedy (South Shields), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton at Hone), John Cadman (Southport), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Eric P. Freeman (Bexley Heath), Miss E. A Pearson (Fleet), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), J. Gregory (Bradford), Miss M. K. Perkins (Highgate), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Doris Dean (Bromley), M. M. Whiting (W. Ealing), Miss H. M. Anden (Church Stretton), Miss Watson (Newcastle), E. G. Hogan (Nottingham), L. Port (Clapton), J. C. Buchan (Alloa), Amy Ellen Lester (Stoneby), H. J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Geraldine Tatlow (Chippenham), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), M. H. Linkinlater (Great Malvern), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), B. C. Brooks (Wood Green), Wm. Fielding (Haywood), Miss M. E. Campbell (London, S.W.), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Geraldine P. Gallway (Thirsk), H. M. Winter (Dublin), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Ada E. Mann (Rhyl), V. F. J. Klammer (Glasgow), B. D. Wright (Edinburgh), M. T. L. (Milton, Hants), Margaret Dicken (Wrexham), W. F. S. Joseph (London, W.), Eva Scott (Streatham), Evelyn G. Lalmore (Bath), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), F. R. Thomson (Finchley), E. Russell (Ashton Manor), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Marcia Knight (Rushden), Caroline Coxham (New Malden), M. A. Newman (Badingham), H. G. Dowling (Portsmouth), Margery Finch (Portsmouth), Miss C. E. Muirhead (London, N.), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), Miss E. M. Cooke (Mold), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), W. H. Burnett (Kensington), Lillie Cole (Pontrilas), H. Caby (Fordham), Miss M. F. Aikman (Glasgow), F. W. Quinton-Anderson (Edinburgh), Miss Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), John Fletcher (London, W.C.), Flora Bacot (Worthing), Miss V. W. Ware (Southsea), Kate Bedford (Brighouse), Josephine Gregory (Bradford), Stanley Hunter (Lewisham), Theodora Martin (Bristol), Florence Macqueen (Bath), Phyllis Morris (Hove), Miss V. Huish (Derby), and Maurice Frank (Brixton).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Agnes M. Macaulay, of Portswood, Great Malvern, for the following:

MURPHY—A MESSAGE TO DOG-LOVERS.
BY MAJOR GAMBIER-PARRY. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Amongst stories about dogs, "Murphy" must certainly rank as a classic. One lays down the book impressed with its double "charm"—the charm of style and the personal charm of the writer revealed throughout its pages. Major Gambier-Parry diagnoses dog-nature with the same tender, sympathetic feeling that is shown by a great physician towards a patient. The story of the Irish "Murphy," intermingled with the author's tentative moralisings, cannot fail to attract those who are genuine dog-lovers. To them this "message" will be ever-welcome.

We also select for printing:

THE DAUGHTER OF BRAHMA.
BY J. A. R. WYLIE
(Mills & Boon.)

Deep into the mystic heart of India this absorbing novel penetrates—"East is East and West is West" always its underlying *motif*. The tragedy of the pathetic misunderstood David, his marriage with the Brahmin Priestess, the constant fret and jar between two for-ever separated races—the fraud and fanaticism of one religion, the hypocrisy of the other—are boldly and fearlessly revealed. Strong, yet poetical, it pleads for toleration and sincerity. The vivid word-pictures, the subtle analysis of character, its sheer beauty enthrals us. Read with an "open mind" it is at once a joy—and a lesson.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plâs Brith, Llandudno, N. Wales.)

POEMS OF RICHARD MIDDLETON. (Unwin.)

Even if one did not know of the lamentable tragedy of the poet's death, these poems would tell one that they are the bitter sweet, palatable-melancholy works of a poet *manque*. Delicate, susceptible to the most intimate feelings of things alive and dead, Middleton always sang "with earth between his singing lips." The paganism he aimed at was impossible to one who had need so much of sympathy, generous, childlike sympathy (like Francis Thompson he turned to children for comfort in his misery); his striving after the great earthly passions were voiced only in a pallid Swinburnian failure. They are haunting, subtle melodies, of unanswerable sorrow.

(B. Dobrée, Eushots, Farnham.)

ROSE OF THE GARDEN. BY KATHARINE TYNAN.
(Constable.)

Readers of Lady Sara Lennox's reminiscences, published a few years since, gladly meet them again in a novel (also in correspondence form between her and her dear gossip, "Lady Susan").

**St. Ives, Cornwall**
**(Whistler).**

**Carlyle.**
**By Whistler.**

In the Glasgow Gallery.

**Whistler's Grave in Chiswick Graveyard.**

"A low railing like the trellis in the garden of the Rue du Bac, with flowers growing over it, shuts in the little unmarked plot of ground where Whistler, the greatest artist and most striking personality of the nineteenth century, lies at rest in a remote corner of the London he loved, not far from the house and nearer the grave of Hogarth, who had been to him the greatest English master from the days of his boyhood in St. Petersburg."—E. R. and J. Pennell.

From *Life of Whistler* (first edition) by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann).

Note: A monument to Whistler has only recently been erected over his grave.

What a charming personality pretty "Sally" must have had. Loved universally from infancy, come to maturity at fifteen, and feeling middle-aged at twenty-two! Pathetic in contrition, candid in explanation, admired for "bravery" even by political enemies. Such letters are not written in telephone days, and the scent of *pot-pourri* is grateful to us. We are loth to say good-bye, tho' we leave her encircled by happiness.

(M. M.)

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen.)

This wise, tender, ironical, and irrepressible anthologist has failed to resist an irresistible temptation. He offers us here what may be called an anthology of anthologies. For what are his essays but accretions of musing and fact about a single nucleus? And his novels but bundles of things held together by a single temperament? He can truly say: "Who touches my books touches a man; and what is man but an anthology?" Here is a shilling banquet: twenty-eight courses of the best: service, lights, conversation perfect. But the book must be dipped into: one cannot taste everything at a time.

(John G. Fletcher, 18, Talbot House, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.)

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. By Alphonse Courlander. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This is a stirring story of the man in the street—in the sense in which the phrase is used by Journalists, to whom "the street" is Fleet Street, the realm of the Press. Humphrey Quain loves Lilian and abandons her, fearing that she may hinder his work; he loves Elizabeth, and because he will not leave "the street" for her sake she throws him over. The novel is an exhaustive study of Journalism, and the sway of the Press over its subjects is well emphasized in the last scene, where Humphrey, killed in the Vinegrower's Riot, to which he has been sent as Special Correspondent, says as he falls: "What a ripping story this will make for *The Day*."

(Mary Bradford Whiting, Ferriby Lodge, Ramsgate.)

PRIDE OF WAR. By Gustave Janson. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The evils of war are here depicted with a realism so powerful that the publication of this book may substantially further the cause of peace. Every story is entertaining and instructive. The Arab, the Turk, and the Italian are portrayed with an accuracy which is astonishing to one who has lived in the company of each. But one effort stands out prominently above the rest. Fontanara, the Italian archæologist, is a psychological study worthy of the highest praise. The tortures this delicate mind endures make the following the only adequate description of war: O horrible! O horrible! most horrible.

(C. Harland, 12, Easby Mt., Morley Road, Bradford.)

ONE OF US. By Gilbert Frankau. (Chatto & Windus.)

One can imagine a reader of some hundred years hence studying this volume in great perplexity, for it is essential to be a member of the present generation in order to understand and appreciate the topical allusions constantly encountered. To the comprehending, however, this versified satire, chronicling the doings of a "young man about town," is exceedingly entertaining and, while possibly somewhat exaggerated, contains some very true reflections pungently expressed. In short, although some may disapprove of the poem's morality, few can deny the cleverness of its composition.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent.)

YONDER. By E. H. Young. (Heinemann.)

This is a study of two temperaments, similar in that they possess a passionate love of nature and are destined to know something of life's bitterness. From the first sun-lit morning, when Theresa's father came to the little cottage where Alexander lived, the thread of their lives was joined, till eventually the pigmy maelstrom of their pride vanished before the irresistible force of nature. By a subtle and poetical rendering of this bond of the mountains and heather Miss Young creates the book's intrinsic value, which raises it from the level of prose narrative to a burst of spontaneous lyricism.

(Guy Tracey Watts, 25, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by the Rev. T. J. Price (Keighley), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), Gertrude Pitt (Belsize Park, N.W.), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Miss Blair (Stirling), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Miss Madgwick (Wimbledon), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), Miss H. N. Anden (Church Stretton), Edgar Caton (Barrow-in-Furness), Dorothie M. N. Young (Weybridge), Leo Delicati (Bristol), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Louie Gray (Frinton-on-Sea), Mary Kingdom (St. Jacut-de-la-Mer, France), Oscar L. Taylor (Bournemouth), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Miss J. E. Chesham (Cambridge), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. A. Newman (Badingham, Suffolk), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), J. Swanscon (Tunbridge Wells), Miss E. Makry (Folkestone), and Augusta Hall (Hull).

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to "The Bookman" is awarded to Mr. W. Hodgson Burnett, of 5, Edwardes Square, Kensington, W.

# THE MAJORITY OF "THE BOOKMAN."

By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D.

THE BOOKMAN has now completed twenty-one years of life. It is a long life for a literary journal, and in these days it is a long period for one man's occupancy of the editorial chair. Those associated with THE BOOKMAN may be allowed to congratulate themselves modestly on the fact that the circulation is, after twenty years, at its highest point, with every sign of increase.

Eleven years ago, when THE BOOKMAN had accomplished its first ten years, I wrote a short article on the subject, and I may be permitted at this stage to resume the theme. While attempting nothing in the nature of an exhaustive survey, I may point out how the periodical has developed from its beginnings.

It was in 1886 that I first resolved to publish a monthly literary journal. At that time I was occupied with various important and difficult undertakings, and it was not till five years had passed that I was free to begin. My plan was to make the journal as popular as I could, and at the same time to maintain its literary quality. There seemed to be a place for illustrations, and I believed, even more firmly than I do now, in the value of paragraphs. It was also my purpose to pay special attention to new authors and to fresh developments of literature. Models in the strict sense I had none; but a monthly called the *Register*, which had a short life in the sixties, suggested some ideas. It contained paragraphs of literary gossip and short signed articles on the chief books of the month. The proprietor, a Mr. Weldon, tried to localise it among booksellers, but with small success. W. M. Rossetti, who had previously written much in the *Critic* and in the *Spectator*, was the chief contributor, and the periodical was readable. Later on Messrs. Scribner, of New York, started their *Bookbuyer*, now long dead. I acted for a short time as London correspondent of this magazine. The *Bookbuyer* had illustrations, and they were well produced. It seemed to me that a monthly combining the best features of the *Register* and the *Bookbuyer*, and somewhat more personal in its tone, might succeed.

On commencing THE BOOKMAN I set my heart on securing certain contributors. From the *Critic*, a literary paper long published and partly edited by Sergeant Cox, I had learned much. The chief contributor to the *Critic* was the late Mr. Francis Espinasse. He wrote under many pen names—Frank Grave, Herodotus Smith, Lucian Paul, etc.—and everything he wrote was worth reading. Of English literary history in the nineteenth century he had an unrivalled knowledge, and his style was bright and entertaining. With some difficulty I discovered Mr. Espinasse's place of abode, and prevailed upon him to write his recollections of the Carlyles, with whom he was very intimate, as many passages from letters testify. Mr. Espinasse died a short time ago in the Charterhouse, of which he had been a Brother for a good many years. He was a man of the most honourable and upright character, a very hard worker, and intensely conscientious. But he was difficult to deal with, suspicious and irritable. He had thrown up many situations in his time owing to slight misunderstandings, and had found the way hard. But I persuaded him to go on with his articles, and he published them in that delightful and valuable book "Literary Recollections," which stands out still as one of the very best of its kind. Mr. Espinasse was induced also to do a certain amount of reviewing, and showed himself an accomplished but severe critic. My friend Mr. J. M. Barrie took a generous interest in the establishment of THE BOOKMAN, and gave me many paragraphs, as well as an article or two. Later on he contributed his beautiful poem on the death of R. L. Stevenson. But just as THE BOOKMAN started Mr. Barrie resolved to give over journalism and devote himself wholly to fiction and the drama.

**Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.**

Another old and valued friend who helped from the first was Professor Minto, of Aberdeen. Minto's contributions to English literary history will long preserve his name. He had much experience of journalism, having been a leader writer on the *Daily News*, and for some while editor of the *Examiner*, which was for part of the time under the proprietorship of Lord Rosebery. He did his best with the *Examiner*, and made it a very lively paper, but he found it impossible to revive a journal which had been shot through the head. In consequence he particularly disliked editorial work, and rejoiced in his appointment to a Chair in Aberdeen University. But he delighted in reviewing, and a fairer, more competent, and more appreciative critic could not easily be found. His literary articles in the Ninth Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" deserve to be

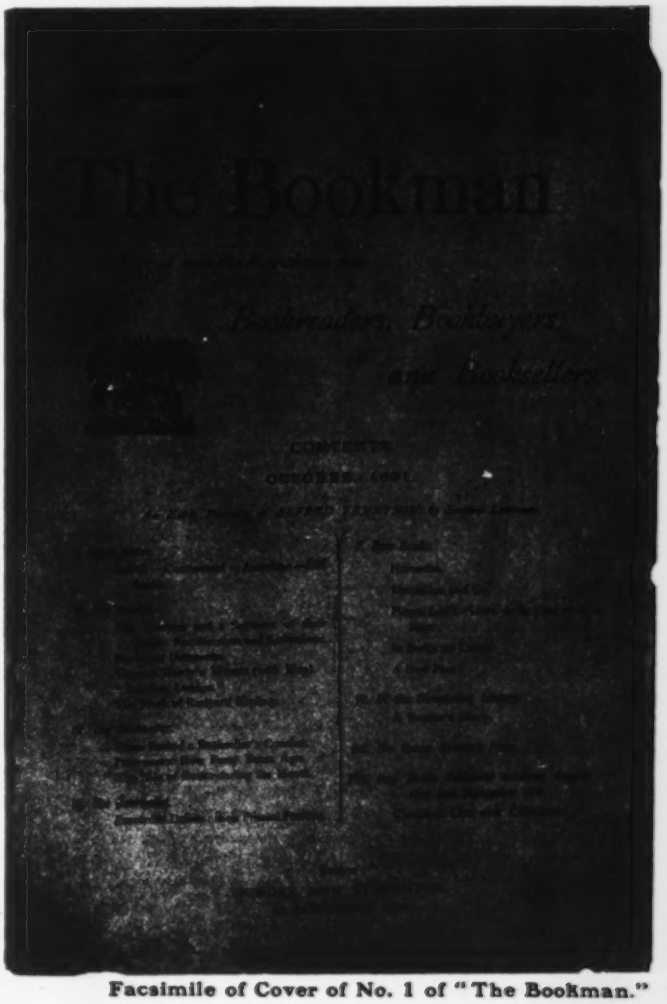
collected. He had a deep interest in all the younger writers, and especially in "Q." He was a contributor till the time of his lamented death.

Another Scotch critic of great accomplishments, Dr. William Wallace, lately editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and one of the most popular writers in the *Spectator*, was with me for many years. Nor should I forget the younger men, in particular Mr. A. C. Benson, a contributor from the beginning. Most of his articles were unsigned. I had also the brilliant and versatile L. F. Austin, who is not yet forgotten in London journalistic circles, though he left no abiding memorial of his many gifts. I had also many contributions from Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. William Watson, both in poetry and in prose. Some of Mr. Yeats' finest lyrics first appeared in The Bookman. At that time he was a diligent critic, and was especially earnest in praising the poetry of Robert Bridges. The Bookman has always had the help of the younger men, and I am proud to think that Mr. G. K. Chesterton's earliest articles appeared in its pages. Another early helper was Mr. G. A. Simcox, who was brilliant alike in prose and poetry. Mr. T. E. Page, Professor Wilkins, Professor W. M. Ramsay, Professor C. H. Herford, Miss Jane Barlow, Dr. Hay Fleming, and Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, were also among the active and frequent contributors.

In the *Academy* I had read with admiration many articles by E. Purcell, and before starting The Bookman I made a special journey to Oxford in order to secure Mr. Purcell's help. As "Y.Y." he has been one of our most valued reviewers from the beginning. Later on I had the co-operation of Dr. William Barry, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Professor David Masson, "Mark Rutherford," Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Louis Garvin, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Craigie, Sir Frederick Wedmore, and many others. From Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton we had poetical contributions. When making my arrangements for the first number I asked an article from Mr. Walter Pater. He replied cordially that he was anxious to write on "Dorian Gray," and his article duly appeared in the second number of The Bookman, and provoked much comment. Professor Saintsbury has been for many years a much valued contributor.

When The Bookman was commenced I endeavoured to establish a journalistic department. Among the eminent journalists who helped me were Mr. J. A. Spender, now the distinguished editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, and Mr. H. W. Massingham, the no less eminent editor of *The Nation*. But after a time the claims of books prevailed, and this feature was practically dropped, much to my regret. Another feature, which was for a long time prominent, has been practically discontinued—that is the monthly reports on the Book Trade. I believe The Bookman inaugurated the lists of best-selling books, which have been largely given in English and American papers. The sale of books, however, is now a very complicated affair. There are authors with a moderate circulation at home who have a very large Colonial sale. There are others, very popular in this country, for whose books there is no demand in the Colonies. What is true of the Colonies is true of America. One has to take the conjunct sale over the whole world before he is able to gauge with precision the popularity of an author. Again, certain authors are prominent in certain parts of the country and not so prominent in others. I was regretfully driven to the conclusion that the lists tended to mislead. There are no means of getting at the total sale, and it is by the total sale that an author would prefer his popularity to be judged. We have, however, introduced features which have been more acceptable. In particular, the illustrated articles on special authors have proved most acceptable. For some there has been a larger demand than for others, but we have scarcely had a single failure. The competitions in which readers have been invited to join have also been eminently successful.

From the first I have had the assistance of very able colleagues. Miss Anne Macdonell was my first assistant editor. Since then her name has become very widely known. Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, now a partner in the firm of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, became assistant editor in 1898, and was most useful in the development of the journal. I have now the valued services of Mr. A. St. John Adcock. What I said eleven years ago




**Facsimile of Cover of No. 1 of "The Bookman."**

might be repeated to-day: "THE BOOKMAN is read by bookmen all over the British Empire. It has been a great pleasure to edit it; my relations with proprietors, contributors, authors, publishers, booksellers and readers, have been of the most agreeable kind. I do not care to say anything about the future beyond this—that we shall endeavour to develop it steadily—to make it more valuable, more interesting in every way."

One project very dear to me has been reluctantly abandoned. I hoped to establish a quarterly review wholly devoted to English literary history and criticism. Such an organ is greatly needed for the publication of texts, the re-estimation of authors, the discussion of problems, the making known of discoveries. I still believe that such a periodical could be successfully established and that it might prove of eminent service. It could never be very remunerative, but if the right contributors were secured it ought to meet its expenses. But ever-increasing work of various kinds has left me no leisure for the working out of the idea. I hope it will be taken up by stronger and less occupied hands.

# New Books.

## MARRIAGE.*

The main plot of Mr. Wells's new novel is extremely simple. Marjorie Pope is a clever, pretty girl of twenty, belonging to a middle-class London family. Mainly to get away from her poor and rather sordid surroundings, she engages herself to Mr. Magnet, the famous humourist with £5,000 a year. The story of this engagement, which takes place at the Surrey house the Popes have taken for the summer, may be called the prelude of the book. It constitutes about the first 150 pages. Then, one afternoon, out of the sky there crashes on to the Popes' lawn, in a wrecked monoplane, an apologetic but self-collected young man. He is Trafford, aged twenty-six, a brilliant scientist, with a great future and a small professorship. Almost immediately he and Marjorie fall head over heels in love with one another, and after some violent family scenes her engagement to Magnet is broken off, while Trafford is turned out of the house. However, they elope a few months later and settle down into a happy marriage. But presently the question of money grows urgent. Trafford has to give up some of his precious research work and deliver popular lectures. A baby is born, and then another. There is still insufficient money, and there are the usual marital bickerings. And so at length Trafford has to surrender all his energies to the one pursuit of wealth. He achieves a fortune in seven years by inventing synthetic rubber and by helping to rig the market in plantation shares. They move into a larger house, with a butler and every comfort. They have now four children and an assured position. But, far from being happier, they are vaguely discontented. Trafford suddenly decides that he must go right away for a year and "think." He fixes on Labrador as the spot, and there, in the depths of the wild, he and his wife winter amidst incredible hardships. But in the end they win, somehow or other, the knowledge of what they must do with their lives, and in winning it they win happiness. Here, on the eve of their sailing for England, the book closes.

It is decidedly a brilliant novel, one of Mr. Wells's most energetic and remarkable achievements, and it is so packed with arresting things and rare vitality that one hardly likes to criticise. And yet there are some criticisms worth making. For instance, the psychology of Trafford and his wife seems to be rather muddled every now and again. They don't always ring quite true, and when they don't they spoil the illusion of reality for us—that illusion which is the secret of a novel. Again, Trafford has that irritating habit of so many of Mr. Wells's creations—of discussing at enormous length the meaning of life and such kindred questions. These endless talks tend to bore one, and tend also to pamphletise the book. Perhaps, indeed, the most successful portion is the earlier part, in which we are introduced to the Pope family and to the ardent and middle-aged Mr. Magnet, and in which the whole tone is lighter. Mr. Pope, the father, is splendid; perhaps too much of a caricature, but splendid all the same. It was a thousand pities to drop him out of the book at about a third of the way through. And the Labrador expedition, though unconvincing as to the probability of such people ever undertaking it, is a very vivid and masterly piece of description. If only to his consummate ability Mr. Wells could add a really poetic command of words, he would be an impressive artist, besides being, as he is now, a stirring and romantic novelist.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "Marriage." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

## ANDREW LANG'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*.

For some while past the student who desired a compendious and authoritative history of English literature, had but one sure resort—he could turn with confidence and pleasure to that marvellously compact store-house of facts and impressions in which Professor Saintsbury had garnered for him the results of a lifetime's reading and judgment. It is doing no injustice to other manuals to assert that the "Short History" held the field from the very day of its publication, if only because of the breadth of its survey, the thoroughness of its author's knowledge and the catholicity and soundness of his taste. That monument of learning which is gradually being built up by Cambridge scholars and their colleagues will accomplish in detail a task which one man's labours could only attempt in outline; but as a summary and a convenient work of reference, the little Saintsbury volume will still be consulted. On the smaller scale none of our critics has seriously challenged the professor's supremacy till the current year; now comes a rival history in miniature from Mr. Andrew Lang, and there must be general regret that its kindly and accomplished writer was not spared to see it in print. Perhaps to his death may be set down certain repetitions in the text, not to mention occasional misprints, which should not have missed the proof-reader's eye. That the name of Sir Walter Scott should turn up like a veritable King Charles's head periodically through the various chapters is a matter of idiosyncrasy, which should merely amuse; that Mr. Lang should reiterate his favourite quotations—thus Jonson's remark on Shakespeare, "sufflaminandus erat," mentioned five times at least—need not offend anybody save your pedant; but it certainly seems a pity that information already given in one place should be reproduced in another, for it argues a lack of skill in dovetailing the book's material. Indeed it is largely on account of Andrew Lang's lack of architectonic sense that I am sure his history, while it may serve as a "second string" to Mr. Saintsbury's book, can never hope to replace it, though it travels just a tiny distance further afield

* "History of English Literature: From 'Beowulf' to Swinburne." By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)

**James McNeill Whistler.**

From an etching by Paul Helleu.

*(Reproduced by permission of the Artist.)*

into modern times. Delightfully as he always gossiped on literary topics, full of scholarship and refreshing allusiveness as were his causeries, Mr. Lang never had the knack of making even his newspaper articles run with easy consecutiveness; his readers were expected to supply the connections of his rather rambling thoughts; form was never a strong point with him as a journalist. He was the last man therefore to be able to cover up signs of scaffolding and to effect smooth joins in a work such as a history of a nation's literature which makes severe demands on constructive ability. It is ominous that a list of authors, equipped with dates of their birth and death, precedes his text instead of being reserved for the end; his book is but too nearly a reasoned catalogue, or rather to be quite fair, it resolves itself much too often into a series of biographies and appreciations. Far too rare, save in the opening sections, is any study of tendencies, any bird's-eye view of the directions our literature was taking at particular periods. I search in vain for equivalents to Professor Saintsbury's inter-chapters, in which he analysed the progress of English prosody or the developments of style. Mr. Lang cannot be said to neglect these points, though he does not deal with them altogether adequately, but his treatment of them at best is in detail. And so from the time of Shakespeare onwards we seem jostling here with a procession of individual authors, and are scarcely ever permitted Pisgah glimpses; the sign-posts are few, and we are too infrequently carried to the hill-tops to see the lie of the land. Undoubtedly Mr. Lang's undertaking was one of difficulty, yet the arrangement he adopts cannot escape the reproach of clumsiness. Thus a consideration of Spenser's place in English poetry is tucked away in a chapter headed "Prose of the Renaissance"; Milton is grouped with Crashaw, Herbert, Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Cowley, Waller, Marvell and Butler, as one of a batch of "Caroline Poets," and his prosodic achievements are far too little insisted upon; Dryden, the reformer of our numbers, is dealt with under the heading of the "Restoration Theatre." I know how embarrassing is the business of mapping out so thick a jungle as is that of English letters, but I am sure it is best to let the big trees show clear above the bracken, and I am conservative enough to think this result might be more successfully effected by such chapter titles as the "Age of Spenser, the "Age of Milton," the "Age of Dryden." So, at least, the masters are not swamped in the crowd of smaller men, though it is true enough, as Mr. Lang maintains in his preface, that each of the former springs from an underwood of the thought and effort of authors less conspicuous.

It is a thankless job to traverse the ground of the Anglo-Saxon beginnings of our literature, but Andrew Lang pushes his way bravely over this stony soil; though he must have heaved a sigh, as his readers will, on coming in sight of the "matter of Arthur" and the morning-star of song, Chaucer. On the rhyme romances and on Chaucer and Piers Plowman he writes with obvious signs of relief and pleasure, and one can easily understand what a labour of love were his chapters on early Scottish literature and ballads and popular poetry. Here he is at home and at his ease, but he devotes far too small a space to the rise of the drama, and his accounts of the miracle-play, the morality and the interlude would have been all the better for amplification. His study of Spenser concludes with a pretty Homeric metaphor:

> "'As Hephæstus' says the prose translator of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' 'when he fashioned the arms of Achilles, melted bronze and gold and silver in his furnace, so Spenser combined the wealth of Greece, Italy, France, Rome and England in the great crucible of his genius.'"

That would be very well did not Mr. Lang proceed to amplify his metaphor and talk of the Corinthian bronze formed at the burning of Corinth from the molten gold and silver and copper of the temple vessels and images, thereby applying in another connection an historical reference he has already used *à propos* of the Arthurian romances. I may add that Homer is only less frequently alluded to in his pages than Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Lang makes short work of Mr. Frank Harris's theories of "Shakespeare the Man." He brushes aside "nonsense about Shakespeare as a sensual, sycophantic snob, mad with jealousy and foiled desire," and has no patience with the idea that the poet must have been irresolute because in the cases of Hamlet, Brutus and Macbeth, he gave us heroes irresolute in a crisis. But his æsthetic criticism of Shakespeare might have been more thorough, and in reaction from Mr. Swinburne's ultra-enthusiasm he does rather less than justice to the merits of the Stratford man's play-writing contemporaries. To follow him through the labyrinth of Caroline and Georgian literature would mean only saying ditto, for the most part, to his verdicts and admiring his scholarship. I would only point to his little essays on Burton and Sir Thomas Browne, and Milton, as illustrating capitally any strictures of mine on his curiously disconnected style. There is too much narrative in his history, too much quotation without quotation marks, too much paraphrase insufficiently dissociated from the critic's own comments, which are generally as pointed as they are quaint. Incidentally I may remark that Pepys is dismissed very cavalierly, that Mr. Lang, himself an authority on Homeric translation, pays a fine compliment to Pope's version of the Iliad, that he thinks poorly of Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and of Fielding's "Jonathan Wild." With a tartness that occasionally adds piquancy to his pronouncements he declares, "If irony is to be openly and noisily unveiled on every page, then 'Jonathan Wild' may be a masterpiece of irony." On the leaders of the "romantic movement" his decisions are uniformly just; he only shows any prejudice when he approaches quite modern days. Thus he talks of a lack of "natural magic" in Browning's poetry, and repeats the old charge of obscurity. He is ferocious on Meredith's verse, especially "Modern Love," and tells us his manner is "not of the centre," he is frigid in any praise of Rossetti, his admiration of William Morris does not go much beyond the "Defence of Guenevere" volume, he is almost contemptuous of Disraeli's stories, he treats rather inadequately the Brontë sisters—especially Emily Brontë, and he writes in a bored way about the Meredith novels; nor is he very happy on Newman. On the other hand, he remains faithful to Robert Louis Stevenson, and he protests very rightly against the stupid modern practice of under-rating George Eliot; "there has been no better novelist," he asserts roundly, "than she, since the death of Dickens."

If I may seem to have spoken in not too friendly a way of Mr. Lang's "History of English Literature," I hope it will not be supposed that I am not conscious of the toil and thought that have gone to the making of this volume, nor that I fail to appreciate the wide reading or the taste which are the indispensable preliminaries of any such enterprise. Equally willing am I to recognise that in carrying his work through Andrew Lang has given of himself at every pore. The book is thoroughly individual and characteristic of him, and not merely in its constant allusions to Scott, Homer, Thackeray, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles Wogan, and psychical research. My criticisms, such as they are, are but directed to the architectural weaknesses of his scheme, the happy-go-lucky character of his style, and a petulance never revealed save in his treatment of modern topics; in fact if his history is disappointing, it is only so by comparison.

F. G. Bettany.

## DEAN SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

The first two volumes of the Swift Correspondence reviewed in the January Bookman have already been followed by a third, and at this rapid rate of production we shall not have to wait long for the sixth, with the much-longed-for Index, which one seems to miss more than ever. True, Mr. Ball has taken immense pains—he seems almost

* "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift." Third Vol. 1718–1727. By F. Elrington Ball. 10s. 6d. net. (G. Bell and Sons.)

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to know his whole text by heart—to help us as we go along by enriching his footnotes with references back. These *supras* are invaluable, but we pine for the as yet impossible *infras*, and it will be a luxury to gather together by help of the Index all the scattered links in so many interesting chains at present confused and confusing. In truth, even the accurate chronological order of the letters, the result of so much labour, detracts somewhat from their hold upon the attention. Often at an important juncture the thread of interest is broken by an irrelevant, trivial letter which worries us like some impertinent caller interrupting a conversation between Swift and his peers. I do not say these isolated volumes are not interesting to read through steadily. They are; but they seem more pleasant to study by instalments, to wander about in, to pick and choose from—in short to "work on."

The ten years (1718–1727) comprised in the present volume, represent the prime of Swift's life. His powers, his fame and fortune were at their height; deterioration and decline had not even threatened. Perhaps never does he appear a great personage, a real lion, more than during his visits to England in 1726 and 1727—where among so many illustrious old friends his eminence, if not primacy, seems unquestioned. And that probably because he was so essentially an original, a strongly marked character—as we say now-a-days, a personality. So, too, was Sterne in his way—a way so like and unlike. Their faults were to them assets. Many stray lights from this volume confirm the guesses one has made as to the secret of Swift's hold upon his contemporaries and upon us. It is a kind of tyranny. Saving the few intimates who knew the best of him, his world disliked, distrusted, feared him, refused to gratify his ambitions, but, friends and foes alike, admired and wondered, never doubted his superiority. And we—who of us dares to question his prerogative? who does not bow before the despot? what Englishman is not proud of this king of English originals? But why? Others there have been with minds as powerful and clear and pregnant, and with redeeming faults as many and more attractive. Let us choose two, as typical as Swift of the Eighteenth century blindness to the Beautiful and the Romantic, which to us mean so much. For Gibbon idolatrous admiration; for Johnson respect as profound as affectionate; for Swift unwilling yet absolute submission. As we remember the repulsive things he did, and said, and wrote and meant, we want to hate and despise and forget the low, sordid brute, and are vexed because we cannot. What more repulsively cynical than his two letters of June, 1725, to Tom Sheridan, giving his boon companion advice for his first flying visit to his new living. He is implored to keep sober and be active in ferreting out all about tithes and profits. To Swift's mind the loaves and fishes were everything. But Tom is also told how best to flatter and dupe the good Bishop (Swift's old friend Browne), he is to "make a great appearance of temperance when you are abroad" (*i.e.*, except in privacy)—"not to drink, or pledge any healths in the Bishop's company, for you know his weak side in that matter." He is warned "not to wet his commission with any of his old crew." Again, "I would have you carry down three or four sermons and preach every Sunday at your church, and be very devout"—"observe all grave forms." Most Machiavelian of all—"wherever you lie within twenty miles of your living" (*i.e.*, within the radius of gossip) "be sure call the family that evening to prayers." How nasty it is—and yet we must swallow it. For somehow we stand more from Swift than from anyone else. He seems to say—"I loved the clever, tippling, dissolute fellow and wanted to serve him. Writing in a hurry, I had no time to clothe my advice with a veil of prudish verbiage, which would have been thrown away upon him. And upon you, too, Sir, unless you be a fool or a hypocrite." And we are silenced. We own that, artfully paraphrased, and perfumed with pious sighs and gracious euphemisms, his brutal advice would have flowed with unction and edification from the pen of Pusey or Wilberforce. So, too, with much else. His time-serving and flattery of the great—well, no one then blushed for that. He must needs try his hand, and found that he excelled in a dignified mock sincerity. His double dealing with Harley and Bolingbroke, his contemptuous detraction, so frequent in this volume, of his old patron and idol, Oxford—we almost grant that they deserved it. So with his perversity, his inconsistency, his erratic politics, his brutal coarseness, his scheming, his arrogance, his treatment of women, his contempt for all that is sweet, beautiful and reposeful. Swift somehow coerces us into admitting him as a law unto himself. The secret of his power seems to be the union of powerful intellect, penetrating vision and that independent unsocial instinct which we call eccentricity. In his day, as now, he gave the impression of one who could do almost anything he chose, but did just what he chose and nothing else. And what he would do next, no man ever knew, and many feared. There was, and is, in him, as in Rabelais, a certain imposing irresponsibility, which we respect because we cannot quite understand. The things he did and said, who would not detest in others and blush for in himself? Yet the world only says it was a sad pity, but we cannot make him out, so we must put up with it. By his baffling mixture of frankness and mystification, by his callous contempt for conventional morals and manners, by his cool arrogance—or, if you like, impudence—Swift, like Rabelais and Napoleon, has forced us to accept him as a genius set far above, or rather far apart from us and beyond our jurisdiction. All of us, at least, whose tendency is to respect instead of despising what we cannot understand.

Were Swift's mental and moral aberrations incipient lunacy? Many think so. I cannot. For his superb force and clarity of thought and diction appear not at lucid intervals, but just whenever he chose to display them. Until mental disease had taken firm hold his powers were under perfect control. We were taught at school that Gulliver's Travels was a shocking example of Divine retribution, and that when Swift got to the Yahoos he had gone raving mad with spite, malice and misanthropy. Pure nonsense. The Yahoos are the inevitable climax to which the whole book works up. I doubt if he had the least taint of congenital lunacy. His madness was a senile disease that came on like gout or blindness. He was no visionary, no dreamer, like Poe or Coleridge. Of imagination, he was absolutely destitute. Invention, if you like, marvellously fertile and ingenious and original, but of imagination with its pains and pleasures not a trace. Nor of poetic fire one single spark. A flash now and then perhaps—but it is only a reflection, or a rhetorical accident. In all his writings I can recall no single magic touch which appeals successfully to the softer passions or the sense of beauty. So able a craftsman was he that perhaps, had he tried hard, he could almost have deluded us—almost have charmed—almost have made us cry. Almost—not quite. Alas, that fatal "almost." There is no "almost" in the "Elegy on Levett." Pedantic in its strictly classical diction, the thought is as vigorous and lucid as Swift's, and under its majestic simplicity burns the lambent flame of "celestial fire" which irradiates a work of perfect beauty. Mind meets mind in brilliant verse, but so it does in the "Principia" and "Novum Organum." In true poetry heart calls to heart.

Poor Swift! for after all our awe and admiration it comes to that in the end. He was a failure, and he knew it. What were his real thoughts he has not revealed, but be sure they were great, profound and bitter. Like others, he blamed or deplored not only fate, but himself. Perhaps we get nearest in that finely-written letter of December 19th, 1719, to Bolingbroke, which deserves ample quotation. He flatters and comforts his friend, and no doubt himself too, by the reflection that the great prizes fall to steady mediocrity, not to great genius. In political life "all great geniuses if they had not been so great would have been less unfortunate." Then this apt metaphor. "Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife fail to go the right way? Whereas if he had used a razor, or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet." It

*A photo by Miss Irene Kathleen Falkiner.*

**Vanessa's House at Celbridge.**

From "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift" (Geo. Bell & Sons).

is but the old *laudatur et alget*, only Juvenal did not give the true reason. Swift means, and rightly, that genius is sadly square, and all the best holes so very round. The flashing crystal is all facets and angles; such was Swift. Then in a sally of charming and with him unusual Shandean humour, he goes on to paint himself lapsing into old fogeyism. He has gone through "all his old stories three or four times with the younger people." "I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me. I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry." In vain he "lays traps for people to ask to see what he has written," and "wreaks his spite by condemning their taste." "If I can prevail on anyone to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bits I can carve." "The worst of it is that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true." I only wish I might quote the whole passage. Now is this *épanchement de cœur* sincere? Carefully elaborated and revised no doubt, but I do think it is founded on profound and bitter self analysis. The mournful dominant note under this whimsical gaiety is—to this have I come already; what is to be the end? He felt, he knew himself a brilliant failure.

If reflections suggested by the volume as a whole have engrossed my page, it is not that other matter is lacking. The admirable notes not less than the text teem with novel and curious points on which one would gladly descant. Without going carefully through the book and examining each letter, and compiling a list, it was hopeless to disintegrate the new matter, which might have been asterisked in the Contents—so I will only note the inferiority of the Chetwode correspondence. With regard to Vanessa, Mr. Ball hazards a novel suggestion which to me seems more than probable. Delamy says in the gallant euphemism of the day that "she certainly gave herself up as Ariadne did, to Bacchus from the day that she was deserted." The habit, Mr. Ball hints, may have been of long standing, and explain much of the Dean's conduct. If one examined the letters carefully with that view—I have not yet done so—I suspect that drink might account for her occasional incoherence, and furious solicitations, and that in Swift's letters some obscure passages might point to a secret vice from which he was weaning her, but which, as is often the case, he could not mention openly without enraging her.

One more point. In 1720 Swift's championship of Irish interests starts with his "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture," on which the editor hints that the Dean's economics were really politics, and his politics only anti-English party spirit. In truth, his crusade was neither patriotic nor Irish. He only wanted to enjoy the fun of mischief-making and to annoy the Government. And he knew or cared nothing about the Irish. By Irish he meant the Anglo-Irish within and without the Pale; of the true Irish you learn less from his whole writings than from one page of Pocock, or Edgeworth, or Carleton. The one he despised as a low grade of English; the other were to him mere autochthonous Troglodites, so it never occurred to him to study them. Which was his loss—and is ours.

Y. Y.

## A FINE ODE.*

Originality and purity of form, rare dignity of diction, passionate and lilting rhythm—these are the outward characteristics of Mr. Ronald Campbell Macfie's new poem, "The Titanic (An Ode of Immortality)." Through this splendid veil one perceives the austere lineaments of the informing spirit—brave belief in the goodness and rightness of the Plan, in the wisdom of the Master Will. No blind Fate for Mr. Macfie, no club-foot Destiny stumbling down the eternities, no drunken Berserk amok among the spheres; Omniscience, Purpose, Will for him, God, and the Will of God, and the Love of God that passeth understanding:

> ". . . the Soul in whom all beings are
> Discerns so deep, foresees so far,
> He plans the meadows of a star
> Aeons before the star is made,
> And in the fire
> He moulds to His desire
> The tiny blossom and the tender blade.
> The deeper meaning of these woes
> No mortal knows,
> Yet in one web the universe is spun,
> Out of the Infinite the finite grows,
> And shade and sun
> Are woven in one,
> And every star is needful for a rose."

Is he not sadly out of time with the age? But is he not greatly in time with the ages? . . . Prophet, prophesying "Courage leaning on the Love of God," and hope—nay, surety—of ultimate knowledge, he is also, unforgettably, artist, giving no high music; and who may dissent from his reading of the dreadful dream that was the world-moving cataclysm of 1912, cannot but applaud what one must call, for lack of a better, and also because it is the only fitting, phrase, the *maestria*, the *virtuosite*, of his execution. For his thirteen swift strophes, he creates as many necessary modes: one would instance Strophe I., where the massy line suggests the leviathan, the sheer bulk; Strophe IV., where the pointed staccato words stab; and Strophe XIII., where one hears the hurried rush of breaking bubbles over the submerged Titan, and then—in the last line—the long, smooth swell of silence:

> "*Now* is the carnate soul
> Conscious of body and face,
> Conscious of joy or disgrace;
> *Then* shall its wider senses embrace
> The rest and the riot,
> The song and the quiet,
> The hearing and seeing,
> The infinite being,
> The light and the music of measureless Space!"

Music is behind every line of this Ode; and behind the music, the essential substance and spirit of poetry.

Judge it as one will, "The Titanic" is a great performance, conceived greatly and greatly wrought.

W. A. MacKenzie.

## GODS.†

The two latest volumes of the new edition of "The Golden Bough" tell the story of man's deification of his food supply, especially of his corn supply. So universal

* "The Titanic. (An Ode of Immortality.") By Ronald Campbell Macfie. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

† "The Golden Bough." Third Edition. Part V.: "Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild." Two Vols. By J. G. Frazer. 20s. net. (Macmillan.)

are the attentions paid to the corn-spirit, indeed so world-wide is the tale of sacraments and sacrifices connected with it, that Dr. Frazer has felt it necessary to warn the reader in a preface against "the impression, natural but erroneous, that man has created most of his gods out of his belly." There is practically no inhabited place on the globe where rituals to secure the corn-spirit have not survived till the present day. Demeter and Persephone are not dead: they linger on, feeble and disguised, even in the harvest fields of Scotland, where the last sheaf of corn to be cut is known now as the "Old Wife" and now as the "Maiden," being supposed to contain the spirit of the corn. And in Germany, Russia, Bulgaria, Austria, England, Peru, Borneo, Java, Burma, and a hundred other lands, we find the same personifications of the corn-spirit and the same sort of rituals.

In some places the corn-spirit takes the form, not of the lost sheep, but of a human being or an animal. Sometimes the human being is the man or woman who cuts, binds or threshes the last corn; sometimes he is a passing stranger. "All over Germany it is customary for the reapers or threshers to lay hold of passing strangers and bind them with a rope made of corn-stalks till they pay a forfeit." This is a relic of an old ceremony for securing the corn-spirit. In primitive times, however, the corn-spirit in its human representative was not secured so playfully, but was slain and cut in small pieces, and the seed of the next year's corn either sprinkled with his blood or mingled with his flesh. Thus, among the khands of Bengal, when similar human sacrifices were made for the crops, each head of a house was given a piece of the flesh, which he buried in his favourite field in order to ensure fertile crops. Dr. Frazer suggests that the story that the fragments of Osiris's body were scattered up and down the land may perpetuate the memory of a similar method of fertilizing the fields in Egypt, for he holds that Osiris was a corn-spirit, or at least a god who began as a corn-spirit, and that the lamentations of the harvest reapers in the Egyptian fields over the annual death of the corn-spirit were the rustic originals of the tale of the sufferings and death of Osiris.

It is a suggestive coincidence, which Dr. Frazer recalls, that until recently similar lamentations for the annual death of the corn-spirit survived in Devonshire and other parts of England. The custom was known as "cutting the neck." The neck, which was a bunch of corn—generally the last corn left standing in the field—is apparently a far-away survival of the human or animal representative of the corn-spirit which used to be sacrificed in English fields. In South Pembrokeshire, where it was the last corn left standing, with the ears tied together, the labourers tried to cut the neck by throwing hatchets at it. In Devonshire they gathered in a ring round the neck after it had been cut, took off their hats, and stooped and held them with both hands towards the ground. Then they raised themselves, lifting their arms and their hats above their heads, and cried: "The neck!" in a long, harmonious cry. Having done this three times, they changed their cry to: "Way, yen!"—"Way, yen!"—which is said to have had a most wonderful effect at a distance, "far finer than that of the Turkish muezzin." Thus, in an echo of the sacrifice of the corn-spirit and the lamentations for its death, rustic England is linked with ancient Egypt, as ancient Egypt is linked with Greece of Demeter and Persephone and the Eleusinian mysteries.

That the victim was not necessarily human is shown by the fact that the neck used to be known as "the gander's neck" in Shropshire; a fact which suggests that the corn-spirit may have been represented there by a gander, as it has been represented by a wolf in France, and cock in Austria, a hare in Galway, a tom-cat in Silesia, a goat in Prussia, a cow in Switzerland, a horse in Baden, a quail in Transylvania, a fox in Westphalia, a sow in Swabia, and a blue bird among the Toredjas of Central Celebes.

It would be impossible to overpraise Dr. Frazer for the laborious genius with which he has here and in the other parts of "The Golden Bough" brought together and classified and interpreted the mundane elements in the world's religions. Nor is it possible in a short review to touch on more than one of the dozen inter-related subjects which he treats so fully and with such illumination in the present volumes. Perhaps he is almost too easily led into digression, as in the chapter on "Woman's Part in Primitive Agriculture." But if he is unwilling to leave even the side issues of his subject unadorned with knowledge, it is a noble fault.

ROBERT LYND.

## THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.*

Most novels want a view-point: this novel demands it. To get the view-point exactly, you must read it at least twice, and if you happen to be one in whom the effect of political usage is a certain deadening of the humoristic sense, then three readings or even four may be necessary and worth while. The first will bewilder you, a second will make you see, a third will set you thinking, at the fourth (if you are not a Broadbent, a Sir Samuel Clithering, or a Babberly) you will discover the joke—and then mayhap you will read it a fifth time for the pure refreshment of a good laugh.

It is unfair to call the book, as some are calling it, a political skit. It is skittish here and there, and its general trend is in Mr. Birmingham's later manner: the manner, shall we say, developed so successfully since the happy discovery of "J. J." In it Ireland and its affairs are treated in a way quite other than the way of "The Seething Pot," "The Northern Iron," "The Bad Times," "Hyacinth Halvey," and the rest of Mr. Birmingham's incisive studies of Irish problems and manifestations. In those books he was pleasantly sober-minded; in this he laughs, spits this point and that with his rapier and holding it up jests at it, even makes of the whole grim problem of present-day Ulster a laughing matter. The title of the book itself is a jest; for Ulster's hand in it is anything but red. Everything is topsy-turvy, paradoxical, full of whim. And yet for all of us save the Broadbents and Babberlys, no book about Ireland has been written lately of saner and more illuminative kind. Should the portent of Ulster vanish soon, as happily it may, Mr. Birmingham's credit for that mercy will not, one thinks, be small.

It is all about another Irish rebellion, not actual but imagined, a rebellion in the air, an *emeute* as the sublime Clithering calls it, engineered and financed by an Irish-American named Conroy, carried through by ostensible loyalists, and resulting in the achievement of Home Rule, absolute and final, by none other than the Orangemen of Ulster. Its narrator is a mild-mannered and retiring Irish peer, Lord Kilmore, with a taste for literature and a moderate amount of benevolence towards those who do not annoy him, one who eventually comes to dislike being called a man of moderation as much as he disliked being called a Liberal. Kilmore has a nephew called Godfrey, whom he loathes as a dependent and a nuisance, and a daughter called Marion whom Godfrey would wed, but may not, and who, amongst other delightful ministrations, gives help to her father in his task of gathering material for a history of all the Irish rebellions there have ever been.

As fortune would have it, Kilmore's literary endeavours are interrupted by the amazing career of this other rebellion, into the maze of which he is drawn willy-nilly by the machinations of Lady Moyne and other "hired mercenaries of the Capitalist classes," and of which he becomes the unwilling, if interested, chronicler. Conroy does it all. He, son of an ex-Fenian and with hatred of the Saxon black in his heart, conceives the glorious scheme of relieving what he might call the "ongwee" of life by bucking against the British Lion and twisting the brute's tail. He will have a rebellion of his own, and realizing with Bob Power "the absurdity of supposing that the Irish Parliamentary party . . . had in them the makings of rebels," he proposes "to chip in

* "The Red Hand of Ulster." By George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

*Photo by Russell & Sons.* **Mr. George A. Birmingham.**

with his millions " to the effect of giving Orange Ulster its chance to show England and the world that its threat of resisting Home Rule to death in the last ditch is no parade of bluster.

So we have elaborate preparations of the most mysterious kind, with Conroy smoking his ruminative cigar amidst them, and for abettors in rebellion the absurdest satellites—a Tory peer and his lady, a Fellow of Trinity, a Dean who is honorary Grand Chaplain to an Orange order, a retired Army Colonel who has a mania for big guns, a manager of the Kilmore Co-operative stores named Crossan and himself an Orange Grand Master, a dour Ulster Protestant manufacturer, another Ulster devotee who burns to achieve the destruction of the British fleet by means of the machine-gun in which he has invested all his means, and many more. Conroy's yacht, the *Finola*, goes and comes circumvently, now conveying on apparent holiday the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, generals, bishops, notabilities, publicists; now keeping a midnight appointment with a tramp steamer in the North Sea, now slipping in to land illicit cargo right under Kilmore's study windows. Then there is stealthy going of laden carts uphill from the bay; and in the Kilmore Co-operative stores is harboured now more dangerous goods than creamery butter; and the egregious Godfrey smells a rat; and Lady Moyne is divinely mysterious; and we hear the tramp of armed men on the roads as they come back from drilling on the hills; and Ulster sings its War hymn; and Clithering gets nervous; and Babberly goes about declaring that never, no, never, will the great heart of England desert its Ulster children; and Conroy sits smoking imperturbably, and Colonel Malcolmson unpacks his artillery from the butter boxes, and McConkey fondles his machine-gun that " shoots so bonny."

Then at last, of a sudden, whilst Clithering clithers and Babberly babbles, a crisis! In Belfast are two armies, the British Army, and the army of the Orange revolutionaries, with the Royal Irish between them. But, strange to say, all is peace in Belfast, the factories still at work, and in the streets Tommy Atkins and John Irwin commingling without show of malice. Ah, but stay. Next Monday all Belfast is going to a meeting of protest against Home Rule, and the Government has proclaimed that meeting, and so on Monday Ulster will show her red hand. It is for Monday Tommy and John are waiting, Malcolmson with his artillery and McConkey with his Maxim. It comes. Of a sudden War, men marching, cavalry charging, shots, a woman and her baby killed right under Clithering's horrified eyes; then wild, mad fusillade, which from the revolutionaries fills half a street with lead, and from the soldiers peppers the roofs. For behold, the revolutionaries cannot shoot straight, and the soldiers will not, and McConkey's Maxim demolishes no more than two tramcars: and on both sides is deep whole-hearted disgust. " Fight, cowards," shout the loyal Orange revolutionaries. " Let us prove ourselves. We would die. Fight, cowards! " Then from the fleet in the bay comes a shell demolishing the statue of Queen Victoria before the City Hall; and at that dread happening Ulster's loyalty crumbles into the dust. " To glory with England," cry the people with one voice, " clear out bag and baggage—all of you—everyone except your figure-head of a Lord-Lieutenant, whose salary Conroy will pay—and let us ourselves manage the affairs you have muddled these hundred years and more." And England, through her Prime Minister, answers, " It is well, and if within three weeks I know that in Ireland are only trouser buttons left to show that it once was inhabited I shall incontinently rejoice."

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

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## TWO VIEWS OF THE KAISER.*

It is twenty years since Renan said he would like to live in order to see how the Emperor William would turn out. According to Herr Fried, he has turned out to be the great peacemaker or peacekeeper in Europe. This author's book is really written as an appeal to the Kaiser himself to found a great peace alliance, organizing the nations for international enterprises of commerce and social welfare. Let him hold an international congress, which should discuss trade problems, colonising principles, etc., at stated intervals. " No State should be obliged to bow to the measures decided on by such a congress, but all should participate in the discussions. At the beginning the congress would have no other object than to exist. Its effects would soon be felt." One of them would be the creation of a sense of solidarity between civilized nations, and gradually, the author thinks, the spread of an international *rapprochement*, leading to peace alliances. " The Emperor, if only he took the initiative, might live to be hailed as the saviour of Europe, the universal sovereign, and the Great Pacificist." The book certainly makes out a good case for the Emperor's excellent intentions, but it hardly allows enough for the mailed fist attitude or for the war-party of the Junkers. The Kaiser, powerful as he is, is not the only force in determining the policy of Germany.

Mr. or Herr Schwan takes a less optimistic view of the Kaiser. He is not a prejudiced sceptic, but he doubts the unity of the Kaiser's personality. " It is extremely doubtful whether his mind is strong enough to withstand the clash of his own paradoxes. What path will he tread when he will have to choose between the Socialists and the disillusioned followers of the Iron Fist? A man who boisterously denounces the Yellow Peril and then seizes Kiao Tchou, unmindful of the ensuing scramble for Chinese territory, may be a clever promoter for the House of Krupp, but he certainly lacks the clear vision commonly associated with statesmanship." This is perhaps a less roseate view than Herr Fried's, but it will sound to most

* " The German Emperor and the Peace of the World." By Alfred H. Fried (The Nobel Peace Prize). With a Preface by Norman Angell. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
" The Great Solution." By August Schwan. 1s. (Stephen Swift & Co.)

people more real. Mr. Schwan also wants the passion for armaments checked, but he proposes not a movement led by the Kaiser, but a maritime League of Peace between England, France, and America, which would mean that "the British fleet would be thrown against any Power, great or small, which undertook naval operations in the Atlantic, that the American fleet would fulfil the same rôle in the Pacific, and the French fleet would be used in like manner in the Mediterranean." To make it clear to other European nations that the league is not aggressive, Britain must abandon the Japanese and the French alliances.

Such are the webs of policy spun by these authors. Their intentions are more admirable than their methods, on the whole. Mr. Schwan, for example, wants individual liberty, and for this ideal he is prepared to take all the money of the Church, to use it for education and similar purposes. His hatred of militarism springs from the sense of its waste and folly; but, unlike Herr Fried, he has a doctrinaire theory of the sort of peace which Britain in particular ought to seek. Both books expose with unsparing logic the anomaly of our present foreign policy, and the cost which it involves. Germany's partial responsibility for it is frankly admitted by Herr Schwan; but after all, as both authors show, something can yet be done by Britain and Germany to mend the situation. If books like these, for all their one-sidedness, help to form public opinion, it will be to the good of the world.

J. M.

**The Boulevard by Night.**
From "Sensations of Faris," by Rowland Strong (John Long).

## PARIS OLD AND NEW.*

These two volumes, published at the same time, may be regarded as complementary each to the other. Mr. Henry C. Shelley invites his readers to "an exploration in the spirit" of the Paris of the past, while Mr. Rowland Strong takes us about the Paris of to-day, and is less concerned with historical associations than with the psychology—if we may use so clumsy a word where the treatment is so light—of the Parisians of the present.

"Paris was ever attractive," said a visitor in the year 1814, and the statement is no less true now when the gay city is a century older, and when a writer dealing with "Old Paris" has so much the more material from which to select. Indeed, Mr. Shelley sets out with the sentence, "'Old Paris' is a protean term" (which it may be hinted is not precisely what he meant), and goes on to point out that it may mean the Paris of Hugh Capet or of the third Napoleon, and in his successive chapters to identify it with the Paris of the past, whether of a few decades or a few centuries ago. The result is a book full of quaint and interesting matter, well arranged and pleasantly presented. In it the author takes us along the two banks of the Seine, pausing at the successive cafés, inns and taverns associated with notable men and incidents of the distant and nearer past; he takes us to the "clubs"—an institution borrowed from England as social, but which rapidly changed to political centres; to the salons, so essentially French; to the theatres, fairs, fêtes and other gathering places. The volume is illustrated with a large number of reproductions of old prints and portraits, many of them quaint, and all of them serving to make more real to the reader that "Old Paris" about which Mr. Shelley has gathered such various lore.

Having learned from Mr. Shelley something of the varied and crowded life of the Paris of the past, the reader who turns to Mr. Rowland Strong's volume will find it a lively and attractive presentation of the Paris of the present, by one who evidently knows the French capital from long and loving study of its characteristics, who knows it in something of the intimate life of its people as well as in those more superficial features which strike the hurried visitor. Mr. Shelley has something to say of "Tortoni's," and Mr. Strong begins his book with a description of the last night before that historic café shut its doors for ever, and thus starts by suggesting the atmosphere of the boulevards. He touches upon many aspects of Parisian life, and is never better than when describing things generally by means of particular examples, as in the narratives of "A Parisian Holiday-Making" and "A Parisian Marriage." The title of his book is evidently intended to convey that in it will be found something of the sensations that come, not to the hasty tourists who see superficially, but to those sojourners in Paris who feel as well as see, those who in a sense become part of that which is summed up as "All Paris." Mr. Rowland Strong evidently knows his Paris intimately—and he writes about it well.

## FIRES.*

The consciousness of social questions, which has so affected all branches of contemporary thought, could not be without its influence on the

* "Old Paris: Its Social, Historical and Literary Associations." By Henry C. Shelley. 12s. 6d. net. (Andrew Melrose.)
"Sensations of Paris." By Rowland Strong. 10s. 6d. net (John Long.)
† "Fires." Books II. and III. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 1s. net each. (Elkin Mathews.)

arts, or at any rate on literature, the most intellectual of the arts. The merits of this influence in itself are bound up with the meaning of that consciousness, and form far too big a question for discussion in a short review. It must be accepted that such influence exists, and that, essential merits apart, it is seen at its worst in sundry insignificant propagandist plays performed by ineffectual dramatic clubs in aid of unimportant sociological or suffrage societies, and at its best in the novels of Wells and Galsworthy, some of the plays of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Barker, and in Masefield's recent poems. These writers, while keeping clear of propagandism and *parti pris*, have taken advantage of the enlarged opportunities afforded by the new interest in a vast segment of society which culture has hitherto ignored or treated, at the utmost, with little understanding.

To the same category, if to a somewhat lower plane than the writers named, belongs Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. At one time finding poetry only in the recognised poetic materials, he has latterly been resolutely and successfully seeking it in the crude facts of the lives of humble folk. But though he has become a realist, he has not become a photographer. If the function of art is to reduce things to their essence and recreate them as types, Mr. Gibson fulfils his function. He has found the quintessence of poverty in certain elemental passions and stark situations, and has solidified it into a series of little narratives which are so simple and so freed of accident or ornament that they indeed seem typical and universal. All of them, moreover, are artistic in proportion and development, working duly to a climax; nor does Mr. Gibson scorn coincidence or poetic justice. He has realised, like a skilled potter, that only the finest form can dispense with ornament. Further, while some of his tales trust to their stark simplicity and sincerity for their poetry, in others there is an element of the supernatural. This, however, is not an addition from outside, but the result of a quickened apprehension of the essence of the matter; it is like the aura, which, after long looking, will blur the bleakest outline. Lastly, while many of these stories are tragic, others are of happy ending.

Thus, Mr. Gibson is no slave of a social creed; neither a revolutionary nor a pessimist. But he has realised that the dramas of life, love and death as played by poor folk are matters for poetry as fine if not finer, and certainly fresher, than the great tragedies of the Gueneveres and Deirdres. At all events they have gripped and kindled his imagination to some purpose, and by adopting themes not conventionally poetic he has proved himself a true poet.

Technically, Mr. Gibson has an extraordinary facility, especially considering how little use he makes of the epithets of the *Gradus*. There is a rightness about his adjectives, an inevitability about his rhymes, which is almost excessive. One takes, almost at random, an example of his manner:

> "And then, I heard a sound of tears;
> But dared not speak, or let her know
> I'd caught a single whisper, though
> I wondered long what she had done
> That she should fear the pattering feet:
> And when those queer words in the night
> Had fretted me half-dead with fright,
> And set my throbbing head abeat . . .
> Out of the darkness, suddenly,
> The crane's long arm swung over me,
> Among the stars, high overhead . . .
> And then it dipped, and clutched my bed:
> And I had not a breath to cry,
> Before it swung me through the sky,
> Above the sleeping city high,
> Where blinding stars went blazing by . . ."

Such facility might be dangerous; but seeing that Mr. Gibson has proved himself of so restrained an imagination, there is little need to fear that he will allow himself to be beguiled by his mastery of words.

F. B.

**Scala in Subiaco.**

From "Italian Travel Sketches" by James Sully (Constable).

## ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES.*

Under the title of "Italian Travel Sketches," Professor Sully has collected some thirteen vivid papers contributed, for the most part, to the *Quarterly Review*, *The Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and *The Independent Review*. Although originally destined to periodical publication, there is nothing fugitive about these scholarly essays; they are informative, in the best sense of the word, for Professor Sully is too practised "a hand" to pelt us with unpolished chunks of fact; they are illuminating, in that they reveal to us the spirit of Italy, so often unperceived by the average recorder of impressions; and so they well deserve the consecration of boards. To the desultory reader the two most interesting chapters will be, in all likelihood, those dealing with the History of Travel in Italy. Here we have the cream of Professor Sully's wide reading (the "List of Books consulted" is in itself a handy guide to the literature on Italy) and we encounter, for a brief moment, everybody of note who visited this storied land and wrote of it, from John Free who described the aquatic pageant of the Bucentaur at Venice, when the Doge wedded the Adriatic, to Herbert Spencer, who carried his habit of mind with him, and "whose remarks on the quaint optics of Guido Reni's *Aurora* are a quaint example of the forcing of scientific principles upon art." We meet W. Wey, unconscious precursor of Baedeker; and W. Thomas, the author of what is perhaps the first guide-book, *The Historie of Italie, a boke excedyng profitable to redde;* and Sir Philip Sidney who knew Tintoretto and Veronese; Joachim du Bellay, the poet, and Montaigne; Fynes Moryson, who gave us the first complete account of an Italian tour by an English gentleman, and Sir Henry Wotton, and "Mr. Milton"; Tom Coryat, James I.'s "privileged buffoon" and the first lightning traveller—he "did" France, North Italy, Switzerland and Germany in five months!—and Thomas Hobbes,

* "Italian Travel Sketches." With 22 illustrations. By James Sully, LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

who met Galileo at Florence; John Evelyn, and John Ray, the naturalist; and so on, down the years, to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Addison, Smollet, Gibbon, Mrs. Thraly Beckford, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, and the great figures of the nineteenth century. To the reader whose "mind's eye" demands refreshment, one may recommend the chapters entitled "Terracina," "Palermo," "From a Roman Window," "A Ticinese Village," and "Baveno in Autumn." Here, recorded in a charmingly easy style, and with fitting freedom from all feeling of rush, one finds quiet impressions, acute observations, and clean-cut sketches of peasantry, scenery, and all the coloured change and movement of country life. The superannuated traveller will delight in recapturing, in Professor Sully's pages, the bright yet mellow atmosphere of old wanderings; and the arm-chair voyager will, of a certainty, pluck from them courage to forsake his saddlebag and "go see." Professor Sully has added one more bead, and not the least, to the *chapelet* strung in honour of Italia.

## TRIPOLI AND HER TROUBLES.*

The descent of an Italian expedition upon Tripoli last autumn brought that little known and lightly regarded corner of North Africa into a fierce and controversial limelight, and many volumes were hastily prepared and issued to meet the sudden demand on the part of the reading public for information with regard to the country. Among these publications that became possible through circumstance Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's "Tripoli, the Mysterious" must be assigned its place, for, pleasantly written though it is, it contains so little material and shows so scanty an understanding of the place or the people. The authoress seems to have gone with her husband to Tripoli on two expeditions for observing a solar eclipse, and her book is merely a bye product. She very truly says in her first paragraph: "Properly to write the wonderful story of Tripoli, daughter of sea and desert, one must be not only an accomplished historian, a cultivated archæologist, and an expert in ethnology, but profoundly versed in Arabic, and in the fundamental beliefs and general practices of Mohammedanism, as well as the local customs of that great religion, coloured as it is by differing environment; he must be a thorough student of political economy, too, with a world outlook on cause and effect in government."

But she has little light to throw on these things, and her book of less than forty thousand words is somewhat disappointing.

Mr. Francis McCullagh went to Tripoli as a war correspondent. At first he was wholly pro-Italian, but the progress of the fighting and the barbarities he witnessed daily brought about a complete change in his sentimental attitude, and he became as frankly Arab in his sympathies as he had originally been Italian. That the war is a horrible one everyone admits, many hold that it was wantonly aggressive — that it was undertaken on behalf of a commercial institution, and that the resistance of the Arabs makes it highly probable that Italy has embarked on an extremely difficult and dangerous task. But while holding all these views, and more, Mr. McCullagh goes far to weaken the effect of his own accusations of the Italian aggression and brutality by the manifest prejudice displayed throughout his book. In fact, one is not sure that he would not almost regard with high satisfaction a severe Italian defeat with heavy losses. That he saw dreadful things is certain. That mistakes were made by the Italians is certainly true. But a virulent attack on the Italian troops, on the officers, on everything Italian, can only be regarded as regrettable and lacking in balance and in real weight. The book is in reality a powerful, a terrible appeal to all civilized people against war and militarism, and ought to be read carefully and studied carefully by everyone who wants to discover something of what it means when nation attacks nation—not the noise of the captains and the shoutings, but the blood, the agony, the mutilations, the changed psychology of the men, the terror, the awful tragic, uncalled-for waste. Surely for a few millions Italy might have procured from Turkey concessions in Tripoli that would have satisfied every legitimate need she can allege as driving her to war.

F. M. A.

* "Tripoli the Mysterious." By Mabel Loomis Todd. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)
"Italy's War for a Desert." By Francis McCullagh. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

## THE NEW COUNTRY LIFE.*

Anybody who wishes to find out what is being done in the different parts of the British Isles to put the land to a better and more profitable use than it has, in many cases, been put in the past cannot do better than take Mr. Green for his guide and instructor. It so happens that I know intimately many of the districts which Mr. Green describes, and I can say, without qualification, that, having a good cause, he has made the most of it. Occasionally, perhaps, he is inclined to be somewhat too partisan and sweeping in his statements, but for the most part he is eminently fair and impartial, and he sets out his facts with a charm that robs them of any inherent dulness.

One striking example of the wanton mismanagement and neglect against which his whole book is a protest occurs early in these pages. Not far from Bulford Mr. Green saw a rood of land on which various vegetables were being grown, and he says that from this plot of land the boy cultivator was making a profit which worked out at the rate of £56 to the acre. "On the same field," Mr. Green proceeds, "or the field adjoining, I saw a crop of thistles, among which a mangold plant could only be seen here and there. And this belonged to a farm of over 2,000 acres, rented by the War Office at 2s. 6d. an acre." One can only join in Mr. Green's astonishment that in a district like this, where a splendid market is provided by the military camp, intensive culture should be neglected, or rather repressed; for a number of applications, duly backed by the County Council and the Board of Agriculture inspector, were made, only for the scheme to be held up, somehow or other, in Whitehall.

I cannot hope to give any adequately comprehensive account here even of the comparatively few experiments which Mr. Green has described. The growth of market-gardening round Evesham is, of course, included in his survey. Mr. Green sums up very clearly the contributory causes which have led to the prosperity of Evesham, and, very properly, he lays stress upon the "Evesham custom," whereby the new in-going tenant pays the out-going tenant, and not the landlord, for the agricultural improvements which he has effected.

The most interesting experiment, perhaps, of all is that of "Wayford Tenants, Limited," not far from Norwich. The scheme illustrates the principle of tenant co-partnership as applied to an agricultural colony, with the addition of various distinctive features of its own. Each small holder is tenant and landlord combined. He has to take up shares to the value of his holding, but the whole amount need not be paid at once. Should he wish to leave, his only anxiety is to transfer his shares to somebody else. As Mr. Green rightly says, it is the peculiar economic basis of this undertaking which "marks it out as a unique settlement of small holders, and its further development becomes a matter of national interest." Of the other chapters there is, unfortunately, no room to speak, but a word of special praise should be given to his accounts of market-gardening and stock-farming in the Channel Islands, and of what is being done in Ireland, especially at Glasnevin College.

Nor is it merely with description that Mr. Green's book is filled. He has many constructive suggestions to offer, and he shows clearly his opinion that, great as the awakening in this country has already been, very much still remains to be done. We are still a long way off perfection, while the spirit of individualism is still so strong in a place

* "The Awakening of England." By F. E. Green. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

such as Evesham. We are certainly very far from perfection so long as farms can be bought over the heads of the County Council by a near relative of the Small Holdings Committee. It is not satisfactory to know of a case in which the chairman of the County Council and member of the Small Holdings Committee publicly bade for a farm after the reserve price which the Council were prepared to pay had been passed by a clear £1,000. There is a great deal to be said for Mr. Green's plea that members of the educated classes should help to revive rural life in the same way in which young men join University Settlements in slum areas. Of such suggestions, implicit or implied, Mr. Green's book is full. I can only add that in my judgment there is not one which does not appear to be both desirable and practicable.

M. H. H. Macartney.

## ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.*

To most Englishmen in the old country the name of Adam Lindsay Gordon is far better known than his works, but in Australia, especially among the generation that was contemporary or nearly contemporary with Gordon, he is unquestionably given pride of place as the national poet, and his poems are read with enthusiastic admiration. But even there the younger generation are beginning to grow critical of him; they have not come under the spell of his strong and romantic personality as their fathers did, and there can now be no doubt that his reputation rests more on his personality than on his poetry. It is with him as with Chatterton: if his life had been less picturesque and his end less tragic his fame would have taken a homelier flight. Australia has had other poets, and has some now living, whose work in all the essentials of poetry is finer stuff than anything Gordon ever accomplished, but the glamour of his past is still a potent force and his reputation towers above them in the light of it.

**Adam Lindsay Gordon at the age of 30.**

A daguerreotype sent by him, at the time of his marriage, to his uncle, Miss Gordon's father. Given by permission of Miss Frances Gordon.

From the Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Edited by Douglas Sladen (Constable).

A reader knowing nothing of Gordon, and so blind to that glamour, would be disappointed with the two poems on which, as Mr. Sladen says in his Introduction here, the fame of Gordon chiefly rests: "The Sick Stockrider," and "How We Beat the Favourite." They are, to be frank, very good ballads in the vein that nowadays we consider characteristic of Mr. George R. Sims. They need dramatic recital to get their full effectiveness out of them. But Gordon was not a man of the study, and did not write for students; he wrote for that larger world of men who were living the life he wrote about—the life he was living himself, and they took him to their hearts because they understood him. He was the poet of his people because he was literally one of themselves, picturing their lives, giving vigorous and haunting utterance to their ideals and philosophy; they found their own thoughts, feelings, sentiment—the simple, big-hearted sentiment of the backwoods and the rough mining town—and their own broad, breezy humour vividly speaking to them and for them in his stirring and manful verses. An academic touch would have made these worthless to them, and so worthless to us. As it is, Gordon is the very voice of his age; you read his work not because it is fine poetry, but because it is true poetry; if his Sick Stockrider had spoken with the beauty of phrase and imagery that is natural to Tennyson's Tithonous the whole thing would have been false and of no more value as art than a waxwork image is. Gordon lives and will go on living largely because he has no affectations: he is fully himself in all his poetry—the gallant, headlong, brilliant, hard-riding, hard-living man, drawing authentic inspiration from his crude surroundings, pouring his heart, his soul, his whole stormy, eager, lovable individuality into everything he wrote. The Australia of Gordon's day had no use for a Tennyson; it gave legitimate birth to its own poet, for he was born there in spirit if not in fact, and he is secure of immortality because his poetry is as perfect as it could be if it was to remain true to the genius of the place and time it strove to represent.

It is Gordon's great merit that he pleases you and interests you. The dash and sweep and go and dramatic descriptive force of his racing ballads make them some of the best as well as the most popular of his poems; he was cunning in the handling of metre and rhyme, especially when he was writing under the influence of Swinburne, but always spontaneous. You would say he wrote his verses at a heat, carelessly jotted down some passing thought, gave the reins to some mood of the hour, told in easy and taking rhymes some story he had heard or imagined and was at little pains in the matter of revision. Mr. Sladen has done his work admirably in this, the first edition of Gordon's poems to be issued in England. The contents are well arranged, and include two delightfully humorous poems that have hitherto remained unpublished. The Introduction is divided into a sympathetic biographical sketch, and a well-considered estimate of Gordon as a poet. There is an excellent portrait, and the other illustrations include three sketches of Gordon drawn by himself.

S. J.

* "The Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon." Edited by Douglas Sladen. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable).

## SHADOWS OUT OF THE CROWD.*

Uncommon observation, uncommon intensity of emotion, and uncommon skill in words, make "Shadows out of the Crowd" a good book. It consists of twelve stories or scenes of various length, the shorter being on the whole the better. Twice Mr. Curle uses with most pleasant effect the simple form of a grown man remembering his country boyhood. The pure hearty sweetness of country things and people is intensified without being sicklied by retrospection. The resemblance between the two suggests a considerable autobiographical foundation. We are a little surprised that the two should have been given a place in this one book, the author's first, as we believe, with the exception of a quite individual study of Meredith. Fondness alone explains it, for it is not due to failure at more difficult tasks. "Whispers," for example, is a beautiful and vivid picture of tropical scenery, and of a young man's passionate love of life and equally passionate hate of convention and middle age, on one evening amidst that scenery. Mr. Curle has avoided the temptation to let too much depend on the scene-painting, which he does so well. The chapter has the "purple light of love" in it. "The Life Illusion" describes a similar mood of the same temperament, but in unfavourable circumstances. Here, too, the young man is in the tropics, and disgusted by people saying, "There are only three varieties of humming-birds in Jamaica," and so on. Everyone seems to him to have made "a ghastly failure"; he is perilously anxious to avoid doing the same. He wants "the real people," wants to be alone. He is furious at hearing that he will "find out." The tropic night is almost satisfying him in solitude, and he is asking, "Is this it?" when a girl, who has long been haunting him, offers herself to him. He can but

* "Shadows out of the Crowd." By Richard Curle. 5s. (Stephen Swift.)

call her a "traitress," and make an end of himself to avoid accepting one of the things that fade. The suicide may be a solution, but it is not a satisfactory end to the story. Two others end in the same way, one after a broken love and a night of too-eager thinking, one in a disordered state of mind following on overwork at an office. These are interesting, and, especially "Appearance and Reality," full of the writer's good qualities; but his grasp varies in them from time to time, and the result is imperfect harmony and reality. One cannot help pointing out that in neither story does the character whom the writer impersonates or sympathises with most deeply dominate, as he does in "Whispers" or any of the others mentioned. That is to say, Mr. Curle's emotional intensity and observation are at present best displayed when he speaks more or less directly for himself. Apart from his egoistic central figures, he is best at subsidiary characters, a silent woman who understands, a negro servant, a cluster of gossipers. His style, too, is richest where he is speaking for himself or for a solitary young man into whom he can fling himself, though even here he occasionally gets into a slightly inappropriate lyricism. But he has gusto and precision, two good rare qualities which we heartily welcome in combination.

EDWARD THOMAS.

## TWO DRAMATISTS.*

It is always difficult to estimate literary values; but when these are weaved in with other values that we call dramatic, the difficulty becomes many times more perplexed. Yet that literary values and dramatic values are in some way identical can scarcely be disputed. Indeed, the word identical expresses it exactly. It is not that drama is not great drama until it is polished into literary excellence, but that great drama has its natural expression in speech that is lofty and memorable. How well Synge illustrates this needs no saying; and in the case of Ibsen, his contention with perpetuity would not be half the doubtful issue it is could he only rely on those plays of his in which the literary value is clear, such as "Brand," "Peer Gynt" or "The Master Builder." It is such plays as "The League of Youth" and "A Doll's House" that give him the appearance of one who wears, none too well, the usage of time.

In laying stress, therefore, on Ibsen as the poet, Mr. Roberts shows a very wise instinct. Concerned as he is with the permanent value in Ibsen, he wisely lays stress on that element in any work that always makes for permanence. Ibsen himself wrote once: "I have been more poet and less social philosopher than people generally seem inclined to believe." And if the intended symbolism of "The Master Builder" means anything, it is clear that he had more than one or two thoughts of regret that he had discarded the wine of "Peer Gynt" for the beer of "The League of Youth."

Mr. Roberts does not make it quite clear as to what his thoughts are on this unhappy contention in Ibsen's work. He has unwisely so planned his book that it does not deal with those things that lie at the back of Ibsen's work; but has contented himself with commenting on the plays as they pass in chronological array before him. It is the easier way of writing a book; indeed, one may say it is not much of a task to write a book on those lines. Only in his last chapter, "Conclusions," does he deal with problems such as these; and he does it so well there that one wonders why he should have elected to take the way of passing comment. Comments on the plays we have elsewhere; many of them; and one more or less does not greatly matter. But such matters as he deals with in his "Conclusions" urgently require such sane, wise treatment as he gives them.

For example, he has some excellent things to say about the "fourth wall" idea of drama. All the comments in criticism of the plays do not enable us to understand Ibsen a whit so well as when Mr. Roberts says: "There is, of course, a fourth wall, but it is not between the audience and the stage; it is behind the audience." A remark such as this throws an extraordinary illumination on the intensity of the third act of "Ghosts." For to say of that final terrible scene that we are harrowed as lookers-on might be is only to realise half of its power. We become identified with the action. But this leads to a further question, that Mr. Roberts does not deal with, but which, nevertheless, supports his statement. It is the curious fact that, even in a picture-frame stage, drama always realises its need, spiritual if not constructional, of an extended proscenium.

One of the most interesting things in the book is Mr. Roberts' examination of Ibsen's perpetual faith in the sufficiency of love to atone for wrong-doing and error. He places, it seems to me, too much stress on this, for Ibsen, in his two years' invariable travail over a play, was always careful to eliminate from it all traces of definiteness—which accounts for the lack of spontaneity that rules

**Racquet Court, Fleet Street.**
Drawn by Hanslip Fletcher.
From "Fleet Street in Seven Centuries," by W. G. Bell. (Pitman.)

* "Henrik Ibsen: A Critical Study." By R. Ellis Roberts. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

"J. M. Synge: A Critical Study." By P. P. Howe. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

throughout his work. Yet Mr. Roberts makes it pretty clear that this was a definite philosophy with Ibsen; and he shows in play after play how implicit this idea always was in Ibsen's thinking.

In his study of Synge Mr. Howe had not the same temptation to confine his attention mainly to comments on the plays as he passed them before him. Synge's output was so small that to have attempted this would have been to court disaster. Consequently he makes his book a more varied one. But he would have been wise had he exercised the same balance of judgment that characterises Mr. Roberts' book. I will yield to none in my admiration of Synge. But I cannot believe that it is any service to Synge to praise him indiscriminately. For example, to mention at the outset a few of the book's mistakes, does he really mean what he says in the following sentence? He is speaking of "The Well of the Saints," and adds: "When Mary Doul says, 'And what good'll our grey hairs be itself, if we have our sight, the way we'll see them falling each day, and turning dirty in the rain?' you may think, if you choose, of the superiority of the imaginative life over that of the reason, and find in the remark all that is to be found in the prophetic books of Blake." Similarly he says: "Synge, with an originality more absolute than Wordsworth's, insisted that his readers should regain their poetic feeling for ordinary life," which is not only exaggeration, but unsound criticism, inasmuch as it proceeds on the assumption that Wordsworth's and Synge's approach towards "ordinary life" were the same in nature, whereas they were diametrically opposed. Wordsworth found "ordinary life" the best approach to the realization of transcendental Being: Synge found it its own, and somewhat brutal, self-sufficiency. Or, to give a final example: Mr. Howe declares that "Pegeen Mike is one of the most beautiful and living figures in all drama." Now, with her all undoubted excellencies, one could scarcely call Pegeen beautiful. It would be a shrewish kind of beauty. Besides, the statement, as a whole, is a tall demand.

To conclude mention of the faults of the book, it certainly was scarcely a happy device to write the book in a kind of paraphrase of Synge's own peculiar style. There is hardly a page of the book that is not reminiscent of that familiar cadence and construction; and this seems a subduing of Mr. Howe's personality rather more humble than wise. It gives the result an air of affectation that is unfortunate.

Yet it is churlish to point only to faults; and it certainly required some courage to write a book on Synge so soon after his death, when his wave of popularity is at its height. The facts about Synge's life are not easy to arrive at, and Mr. Howe disclaims all intention of giving a biography. Nor does there seem much to be said on the plays. On them his best comments are those that deal with "Riders to the Sea," and the deeply interesting contrast he draws between this play and "In the Shadow of the Glen." It is when he comes to "The Note-books" and "The Prefaces" that Mr. Howe is at his best; and the reason partly is that what he has to say about them breaks new soil all the time. It is only a small side of Synge, truly enough. It only deals with Synge's comments by the way. Yet it is important as showing Synge's approach to his art. The poems he wisely regards as part of the note-books; and he might have followed this up by showing the contrast between the few relics from Parisian days, a little stuffy as they are, and the soft fresh breeze that blows through everything of a later date.

Both these books belong to the excellent series that Mr. Secker is doing of recent men of letters. It is a wise scheme, for which there is room; and both these books fill an obvious place in it. Mr. Roberts' is the robuster of the two, as Mr. Howe's is the more various and complete. But they are both books that anyone interested in recent literature that is dramatic, and drama that is literary, would be well advised to read.

Darrell Figgis.

Cloth Fair, Smithfield.

Drawn by Gabriel Gifford.
From "The City of the World," by Edwin Pugh (Nelson).

## LONDON AND LONDONERS.*

There are people who will tell you that London, like most women, has "no character at all." But they are wrong, as Pope was. London and most women have too much character; so much of it, that we can never understand them or get tired of trying to. It is only when a city or a personality is so various that we cannot describe it in a phrase and classify it with a single label that we escape out of the difficulty by saying it is characterless. Mr. Edwin Pugh knows his London far too well to say that of it. He knows it as an old, old magic place with a glamorous past, to which Mr. Walter George Bell has just devoted a portly and fascinating volume of over six hundred pages; a place rich in romantic memories, crammed with every colour of ancient story; and he knows it as a brand new, busy city, apt to forget the splendour and squalor, the sin and glory, and all the wonder of its yesterdays. It is rich, poor, old, young, beautiful, ugly, industrious, idle, sinful, godly, a haunt of misery, a home of happiness; it is the whole of human life and character epitomised, a multitude of small towns and cities and villages decanted into one.

"To say London," as Mr. Bell has it, "is to say the world." He limits himself almost entirely to the record of its past. Onwards from his third chapter on "The Mediæval Suburb," his story grows naturally in fulness and in interest; every quarter of the city and every aspect of its multifarious life is sketched in faithfully and with knowledge. You may call it a book for the student, because it is so carefully done; but Mr. Bell's picturesque and attractive style makes it also a book that will keep the general reader sitting up of nights to go on reading it. There are excellent dissertations on the old playhouses and the old booksellers; and others that are equally good on Literary Landmarks, on the Age of Johnson, on the old

* "The City of the World." By Edwin Pugh. 2s. net. (Nelson.)
"Fleet Street in Seven Centuries." By Walter George Bell. 15s. net. (Pitman.)

taverns and coffee-houses ; and some of us will think there is nothing better in it than the two chapters at the end on " When the Newspapers Came" and " Newspapers of To-day." There have been many books on London's past, but none that is more satisfactory or more entertaining than this.

Mr. Pugh opens with a study of a quaint map of London and Westminster as they were in 1563, and passes to a contrast of the city of our day with the city of four centuries ago. But it is with modern London, and particularly with the motley people of modern London, that he is most concerned. He sets forth on " the quest of the Cockney," and comes rightly to the conclusion that the typical Cockney does not exist. He says some shrewd things in explanation of why the average Londoner has no local patriotism ; there are delightful chapters on the children of London, the " Woman at Home," the " Cockney at Play," and a thoughtful and deeply-interesting consideration of the crime and criminals of London, and of its social problems, especially its problems of poverty. He studies the suburbs with insight and the broadest sympathy, and for London at large :

" It is consistent only in its inconsistencies. It is the world's clearing house, the world's spring-board, the home of lost causes, the death-chamber of the past, and the birthplace of the future. . . . Here all the rejected royalties and discredited rulers of the earth resume the torn and tattered insignia of their pristine power and glory, readjust their crowns upon their heads, and wear them as they wear their rue, with such a little difference that only they themselves are sensible of their downfall. London is so big and fine that it can afford not to laugh at departed greatness. It has room in its mighty heart for everything except self-consciousness, and a mind so broad and a brain so vast that it can absorb all the wisdom of humanity, and all the folly, and all the goodness, and all the badness thereof, without remembering very clearly or exactly where they are, or which is which."

Mr. Pugh handles facts here, but he handles them imaginatively, with the keenness of vision, that sense of the tragedy and comedy in human things, that put " Tony Drum " and other of his books among the truest and most living stories about London that have ever been written. He was the right man to undertake such a survey as this, for he knows London intimately, and loves it too well to want to conceal or distort either its faults or its virtues. You may dissent from some of his views and opinions, but they are always acute and suggestive ; he has the great gift, too, of being interesting, and in " The City of the World " has added a book of real value to the enormous library of London literature.

A.

## A REMARKABLE FIRST BOOK.*

" Vividness and not style is now my line," wrote R.L.S. to Mrs. Sitwell. " Style is all very well, but vividness is the real line of country." Remembering these words, one wonders what Stevenson, were he alive, would make of Mr. F. St. Mars, whose writing is scarcely less " vivid " than the Durbar pictures in colour, recently to be seen at a theatre.

Mr. St. Mars seems, in fact, to have an invisible lantern-operator at work with him, as if for a lecture. A picture is cast on the screen of the reader's mind, and while he or she is yet gaping, open-mouthed, at the amazing realistic effect, the lecturer snaps his finger, as if to signal to his invisible operator to change the slide, and, hey presto ! another picture, equally vivid in colour, and equally strong in " high lights " is staring us in the face.

Possibly Stevenson would say of such performance—could he witness it—as he said of one of our few living writers of genius : " But he alarms me. . . . I look on, I admire, I rejoice, for myself ; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature, I am wounded." Be that as it may, every page of " On Nature's Trail " proves the writer to be a man possessed and obsessed by a passionate love of Nature, and, in the matter of observation and deduction, a very Sherlock Holmes of the animal world.

His style ? Well, his style is himself. It stands, as I have already indicated, in much the same relation to literature that the cinema stands to art. Idealisation, there is none—only nude, vivid and sometimes cruel reality. Nor is beauty to be found in his pages. Gaunt, grim grandeur of a sort—the grandeur of great spaces, the aboriginal grandeur of Nature and Nature's wild creatures, in all their greed, fierceness, and savagery, there often is. But his style is too personal to himself, too pungent in flavour (reminding one often of the poet Smart's words of a certain fruit, " The sharp, peculiar quince "), and occasionally too American and too slangy to commend itself to every fastidious student of the literary craft.

Certain it is, however, that no more remarkable first book has appeared for years, nor one which is likely to be more animatedly discussed. Mr. St. Mars will have his admirers and his detractors. By some he will be likened to Mr. Kipling. By others he will be accounted a new Kiralfy of the animal world ; but whatever view one takes, none will deny the sincerity of his intense and passionate love of Nature, and many will hold (myself among them) that he has something uncommonly like a genius for observing, understanding, and describing the life of the Wild. For thousands in this and other countries he will open up, and for the first time, a new and fascinating Wonderland.

The book comes to us with the best of backing. Of " The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," by Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O., Ex-President Roosevelt, himself a notable big game hunter and naturalist, wrote that it was " The most remarkable account of which we have any record," and Mr. F. C. Selous assured us that " No lion story I have ever read or heard equals in its long-sustained and dramatic interest the story of the Tsavo Man-Eaters, as told by Colonel Patterson." When, therefore, Colonel Patterson comes forward to write an introduction to " On Nature's Trail," and to bear witness to the power, the fascination, and the knowledge of Mr. St. Mars' work, he speaks with an authority which none can dispute. Let me close this notice with the following extract from the great lion-hunter's introduction :

" Whether Mr. St. Mars be describing the demoniacal doings of a South American puma in a Scotch deer forest, the lively antics of an Indian mongoose, revelling in an English coppice, the havoc wrought by the winged bandits of the air, or the fearless leadership of 'Magnificent of the Steeps,' away among the khuds and crags of Tibet, he shows himself equally at home with his furred and feathered heroes, and their surroundings. His creatures throb with joy of life, and his artistic touch in depicting local colour is to my mind inimitable."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

* " On Nature's Trail." By F. St. Mars. With an Introduction by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. Illustrated by Ernest Aris. 6s. net. (Jas. Nisbet & Co.)

## RECENT POETRY.*

One of the most marked tendencies of modern criticism is that which seeks to label each new phase of poetry as it appears and to adjudicate on it according to the prevalent standards of literary taste. This negative attitude, if so one may call it, is due to the protean state into which poetry has been cast by recent innovators and experimenters in forms, metres and rhythms. Mr. Ezra Pound,* who is among the ablest and most brilliant of this new school, appends some interesting theories on rhythm to his translations from Guido Cavalcanti :

" I believe in an ultimate and absolute rhythm . . . The perception of the intellect is given in the word, that of the emotions in the cadence. It is only, then, in perfect rhythm joined to the perfect word that the twofold vision can be recorded. . . . . The rhythm of any poetic line corresponds to a particular emotion. It is the poet's business that the correspondence be exact, *i.e.* that it be the emotion which surrounds the word expressed."

This is the basic principle of Mr. Pound's poetry as it is also that of his translation. It arises not merely out of an attempt at originality but from the necessity of adapting

* " Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti." Translated by Ezra Pound. 3s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

poetry to the expression of present circumstances. It is scarcely possible to assume that we can judge the practical result of these theories by the usual standards of criticism, based as they are on conditions at least five hundred years old. Nor is it possible, for instance, to compare Mr. Pound's translation with the fragmentary translations left by Rossetti. In both cases there is absolute divergence of method and aim. In the latter we have a strict reproduction both in word and form of the extrinsic characteristics of Guido's poetry; in the former an attempt to render not only the word and the spirit, but also "the accompaniment, that is, that the modern audience must in some measure be made aware of the mental content of the older audience, and of what these others drew from certain fashions of thought and speech," . . . "to embody in the whole of the English" some trace of that power which implies the man.

Mr. Pound does not always succeed in carrying out or in justifying his theories. This is partly due to lack of accuracy and thoroughness. He is so keen and intent on reaching the core and spirit of what he is studying, that he often forgets to guard against many small errors which creep in and would, perhaps, seriously damage his reputation, if many of his readers did not already understand his idiosyncrasies. Apart from such defects, of a mostly extrinsic nature, Mr. Pound's rendering of the soft, yet virile, musicalness of the original, though not entirely free from harshness and obscurity, is nevertheless vigorous and full of colour. He has been especially fortunate in discriminating between the harmonious and expressive clarity characteristic of the *dolce stil novo* and the monotonous intricacies of the *scuola provenzaleggiante*. The book will doubtless prove of use to students of Italian thirteenth century love-poetry, besides rescuing from comparative oblivion the work of one of the most interesting poets of that time.

This is ever an age of contradictions. It is difficult, for instance, to reconcile the disparity of aim, thought, spirit, form, and technique existing between the work of Mr. Pound and that of Mr. Isidore G. Ascher,* Mr. Gwynne Evans,† Mr. Norman Gale.‡ The latter still draw the greater part of their inspiration from the religious and mythological orthodoxy of the nineteenth century. They seem to be attempting, through a new revival of Nature poetry, to neutralise, or at least to oppose, the recent sporadic growth of violently realistic modern poetry, emanating from the great cities. The soul-wearing problems of modern life, either intentionally or otherwise, have only superficially affected them with a vague feeling of sadness and unrest. The perennial charm and mystery of remoteness is the secret of their poetry, which, though somewhat uneventful, is nevertheless pleasant and melodious, contains often pretty imagery, and shows a distinct ability in the welding of thought and expression.

Like his *confrères* of the "Rhymers' Club," Dr. G. A. Greene§ is above all an artist and a craftsman. In the "Song of the Songsmiths," dedicated to them, he gives us the master key to the poetic revival of the "'nineties," and its poetry of despair and disillusion:

'Tis in us no crime,
Here in this misty land,
To seek for the fire that was fanned
By the kings of the kingly rhyme.
* * * *
Ours be the task to prolong
The joy and the sorrow of song
In the midst of the years that begrime;
In the clinging mist of the years,
With reverent toil and with tears,
To hammer the golden rhyme,
Hammer the ringing rhyme,
Till the mad world hears.

* "One Hundred and Five Sonnets." By Isidore G. Ascher. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.)

† "In Mantle Blue." By F. Gwynne Evans. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

‡ "Song in September." By Norman Gale. 5s. net. (Constable.)

§ "Songs of the Open Air." By G. A. Greene. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Apart from the author's association with the "Rhymers' Club," the "Songs of the Open Air" have an artistic value of their own. They generally adhere to the canons of poetic art, yet are never, on this account, either thin or commonplace in thought. We should wish, however, that Dr. Greene might oftener forget the "weariness, the fever, and the fret" of this begrimed world, and cast away the ever-present consciousness of his own personality. His songs would, we think, gain in freedom and lightness, and perhaps even attain the ecstasy of lyrical rapture.

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## SIDELIGHTS.*

It would be difficult to imagine two books more different in matter and tone than these. The first tells how the author missed his way in his youth. Incidentally it throws much light upon the general aspects of that way, how others also lost it and how some kept it; but mainly the book is intimately autobiographical, almost pathetically so. Mr. Kebbel, looking back upon a long life, can describe it as a pleasant if not a prosperous one. The record of earlier volumes on his title page recalls much agreeable and informing work from his pen in politics and sport and rural economy. But that work has been done in fields lying aside from the regulation highway stretching out, *via* Oxford, before him when he started forth in life from the Merchant Taylors', and that he should have been forced into these side-tracks is evidently a keen regret to him still. Perhaps the author proposes to follow the present with a more cheerful retrospect. In this one, at any rate, the backward survey is largely taken up with a transition from a career at the Bar to that of political journalism made to the accompaniment of Fortune's very hard knocks. Its tone is the somewhat lugubrious one of its title, "The Battle of Life." Lord Rossmore, on the other hand, is in one sense not autobiographical at all. His recollections are

* "The Battle of Life." By T. E. Kebbel. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Things I Can Tell." By Lord Rossmore. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

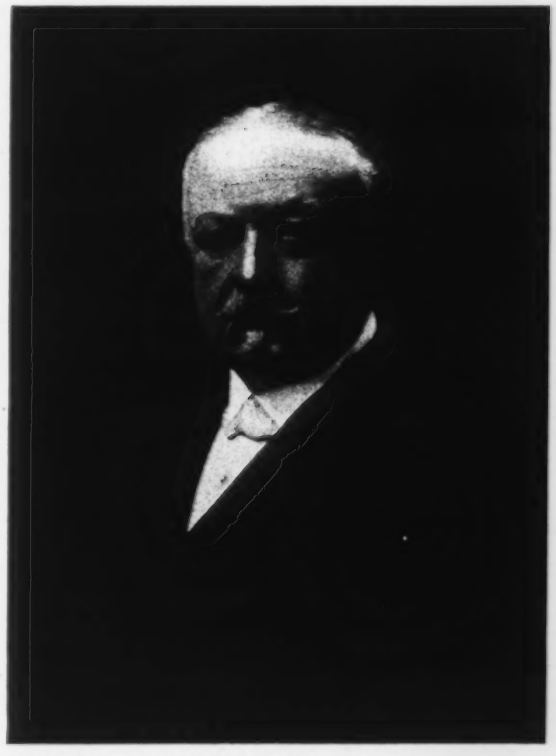

*Photo by The Dover Street Studio, London, W.*

**Lord Rossmore.**

chiefly interesting and intimate things about his friends, he himself, so he says, having never done anything important. Whether he is writing of himself or of others, the occasion is always a good story. Fortune having assured him of his niche, he speaks with regret neither of it nor of his manner of filling it. There is not even a momentary note of reproach or doubt in his pages. They assume the author to have been born into the best of all possible worlds, and to have jolly well made the very best of it.

Yet different though they are, the two books have also much in common, and even by contrast they help out the value of both, which is simply that of illuminating the period to which their authors belong. Lord Rossmore exhibits the Irish temperament, of the possession of which he is keenly conscious. Mr. Kebbel, though probably he is quite unaware of it, as obviously reveals the Saxon. The first glories in eccentricity, and the second, as has been said, laments a failure to succeed along conventional lines. The Westenras it seems, have retained nothing brought over by their Batavian ancestor in Charles the Second's days except a stammer, which more than once has proved an impediment to them in public life. They married out of Irish families, and fairly early established a banshee. Lord Rossmore " doesn't care a straw " for the family spook, but would not willingly part with it. Mr. Kebbel's father was vicar of Kilby, in Leicestershire, where the taste for sport is as ingrained as in Monaghan, and Rossmore is not more beloved in the castle than was Kilby by the family in the vicarage. The son's heart remained in the country, though his battle of life was fought in town, and incidentally he has done much to enlighten us about the economy of rural England in the middle of the last century, and has considered deeply, or at any rate much, the changes occurring in it since then. Lord Rossmore's book is not intended to reveal him considering anything much or deeply. The stories that compose it have already given excellent " copy " to the newspapers, the more discreet of which, we observed, refrained from printing the pinkest, and not least amusing. The author's acceptance of things as they are is not less illuminating than Mr. Kebbel's account of how they once were. The gay Irishman has no qualms. The Englishman, on the other hand, seems much troubled to find that the world has been wagging. He notes, amid his admiration for what Miss Austen has revealed of the society of her day, that she has not a word for the condition of the peasantry, though she lived where the facts of it must have been particularly flagrant. The reference to Miss Austen is characteristic. We have always a feeling, when reading Mr. Kebbel, as if we must just have broken away from Georgian times. We expect him to draw his illustrations in politics from Mr. Canning, say, and to accept mid or even early Victorian as a standard of considerable modernity. The social organism seems still to be regarded as constituted out of the fine old elements, sufficiently labelled as " The Clergy," " The Landed Gentry," and so on. Any one of them—" The Peasantry " for instance—may go wrong through mismanagement, just as the partridges have into which has actually had to be introduced an alien strain of red legs. Mr. Kebbel looks back seventy years from yesterday with amazement at the changes in manners and material conditions that have occurred in them, and these changes his memories help us to realise. But of the significance of the deeper and more subtle mutations between yesterday and to-day he gives no hint of understanding. And, indeed, Lord Rossmore's book shows that there is a class—to whom the author does more than justice by his geniality, but less by the relish with which he exposes their follies—where morals and manners do not change, but alike remain vulgar and primitive.

It is in their remoteness from the present moment, and from all that is really vital at the present moment, that these two books come together and cast a kind of dark light upon the world we are living in. There is no reason to believe that those who are bred of the new forces and make themselves their mouthpieces are less careless than one of our authors about the existence of conditions other than their own, or more alive than the other to their significance. Two sets of powerful opposing actualities are meeting in the dark, and neither, one suspects, has more than the vaguest notion of the strength and disposition of the other. That, at any rate, is the moral we draw by the aid of these two volumes of sidelights.

D. S. MELDRUM.

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## THE EARLY NATURALISTS.*

This is an extremely able and interesting survey of the work of the early botanists and naturalists. It needed a man of Mr. Miall's expert knowledge to explain in what degree there was real truth and critical observation in the vast productions of these pioneer writers. And now that we see them in the light of modern research we are struck, not merely at their blunders and at their childish acceptance of the grossest theories, but also at the extraordinary ingenuity and accuracy of many of their deductions and at the wide range of their labour. As Mr. Miall truly remarks, the modern interest in all such subjects arose from the idea that botanical knowledge was essential to a doctor. The revival of botany preceded that of zoology by some twenty years, and almost all the early botanists, such as Brunfels, Bock, Fuchs, Gesner and L'Obel, practised medicine. Then, again, it is interesting to note that all these German and Swiss botanists were Protestants, although several had been brought up in the Catholic faith. There can be little doubt that the emancipation in the Reformed Church affected not only the spiritual but the whole mental outlook of its converts. Of the early naturalists the most remarkable are Belon, who wrote, amongst other things, a history of birds; Rondelet, an ichthyologist, and Gesner, who, besides being a botanist, was the most learned of sixteenth century naturalists. His *Historia Animalium* (1551–87) alone extends to 4,500 folio pages. The first natural history of the New World was published in 1535, under the title of *Historia general y natural de las Indias*. This was the work of Oviedo. It is curious that Englishmen seem to have taken little part in the revival of botany or zoology. Mr. Miall considers that the reason for this lies in their immense industry in other lines and not in a natural apathy. Such herbalists as Turner, Gerard, and John Caius were far behind their contemporaries on the Continent, and it is not till we come to Ray and Willoughby in the middle of the 17th century that we have really distinguished workers in these fields. This brings us to a period in which the science of botany and zoology was assuming a more advanced form. With Robert Hooke (1635–1703) the microscope begins to play an important part. There follow such famous names as Malpighi, Grew, Swammerdam, and Leeuwenhoek, who was the first man to discover bacteria (1683). In that same year the great Réaumur was born, the first volume of whose celebrated *Histoire des Insectes* was published in 1734. Another landmark is the year 1745, in which Bonnet's curious research into the aphides was made public. We can only just mention Lyonnet, whose *Traité Anatomique* is, according to Mr. Miall, " perhaps the most laborious and beautiful example of minute anatomy which has ever been executed." The book ends with chapters on Linnæus, whose *Systema Naturæ* is still a valuable work, and who is, of course, one of the most celebrated of all botanical writers, and Buffon, whose enormous *Histoire Naturelle, générale et particulière, avec la description du Cabinet du Roi*, is contained in no less than 44 volumes.

Even in this short glimpse it will be seen that Mr. Miall has produced a work of great importance and erudition. We shall be surprised if it does not make a considerable stir in the right circles.

RICHARD CURLE.

* " The Early Naturalists: Their Lives and Work (1530–1789)." By L. C. Miall, D.Sc., F.R.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

**St. James's Street, June, 1878.**
**By J. A. McNeill Whistler.**

By permission of the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND EARTH.*

It may seem a little churlish to dispraise a man for his accomplishment, but one is tempted to complain that Mr. Drinkwater has learned his craft too well. As with so much modern verse one is constantly worried by the question, "Where have I read that before?" This is a pity, for the reminiscence is largely a matter of phraseology, and falls very far short of plagiarism. But a somewhat stereotyped diction tends to discount the real freshness of much of Mr. Drinkwater's poetry. For at its best it has the freshness of earth when the sun is shining after rain. "The Feckenham Men," perhaps the best of the shorter poems, is really a valuable addition to the hymnology of Mab, the earth-goddess of the English. There is a divine folly in it which will surely please her.

"These jolly men of Feckenham,
One day when summer strode in power,
Went down, it seems, among their lands
And saw their bean fields all in flower.
'Wheat ricks,' they said, 'be good to see,
What would a rick of blossoms be?'

"So straight they brought the sickles out,
And worked all day till day was done,
And builded them a good square rick
Of scented bloom beneath the sun.
And was not this I tell to you
A fiery-hearted thing to do?"

It was. "The Crowning of Dreaming John" and "Earth Love" are also admirable in the same order, while "Pierrot" has a dainty charm of another sort. But the most important of Mr. Drinkwater's poems is also the longest. "The Fires of God," whether personal or fictitious, is a striking record of psychological growth. And, though it states a special case, it deals with an experience common to many men. The poet looks back on his life and sees

"Poor barren years that brooded over-much
On your own burden, pale and stricken years."

At first he had stood proudly aloof, scorning companionship, intent on his own destiny, which he dreamed to be higher than that of other men.

"So I forgot my God, and I forgot
The holy, sweet communion of men,
And moved in desolate places, where are not
Meek hands held out with patient healing when
The hours are heavy with uncharitable pain;
No company but vain
And arrogant thoughts were with me at my side.
And ever to myself I lied,
Saying: 'Apart from all men thus I go
To know the things that they may never know.'"

To this mood followed reaction, pessimism, despair, and "that most venomous despair, self-pity." His trouble was not

". . . the large heroic trouble known
By proud, adventurous men who would atone
With their own passionate pity for the sting
And anguish of a world of peril and snares.
It was the trouble of a soul in thrall
To mean despairs."

His pride is broken. Then his eyes are opened and he discovers Nature. His ears are opened to

". . . the choice song
Of exultant, strong
Earth-passionate men with souls of fire."

He learns of heroism and humanity, and girds himself joyously

"To greet the men who lived triumphant days,
And stormed the secret beauty of the world."

"The Fires of God" is a fine poem both in conception and in execution. Its author is a poet to be considered.

Francis Bickley.

* "Poems of Love and Earth." By John Drinkwater. (Nutt.)

## NOTES ON THE VICTORIANS.*

As a critic, William Sharp was for the most part a conscientious and accurate analyst. He was not of those who, by insight and deft expression, can recreate a work of art in a manner to make the new interpretation almost rival the original; nor had he any definite philosophy of art, or of the inter-relation of art and life, by which to weigh and appraise. But he had much skill in separating and labelling the components of an artist's achievement, and was an admirable introducer of classics to the unread. Thus considered, he is at his best in the papers on Arnold and Browning which stand first and second in this volume—the third in the series of selections which Mrs. Sharp is making of her husband's writings over his own name. In the articles on Burne-Jones and Walter Pater, moreover, he is something more than this, and displays an imaginative sympathy which, if it does not entitle him to rank in the little company of creative critics, at any rate justifies his assumption of the rôle of exponent of other men's work.

It is, however, the reminiscent rather than the critical aspect of these papers which gives them their particular value. Sharp was a young man when most of the great Victorians were at the height of their fame. He was fortunate in obtaining a wide acquaintance among a group of men who, taken as a whole, were probably as well worth knowing as any literary generation. The earlier poets of the century may have been more romantic and exciting. Not even Rossetti was the peer of Shelley and Byron in the traditional waywardness of genius. But there were about the Victorians, whatever their branch of intellectual or artistic activity, a certain dignity and magnanimity which it is difficult to parallel. In an age given more and more to materialism and vulgarity, they kept lofty ideals unclouded, and unfalteringly opposed to what was ignoble work of the noblest. Reconsider the annals of English literature: you will find here a More, there a Milton, but nowhere so concerted a phalanx of bright arms against the hosts of darkness as in the mercantile reign of Victoria. Or go to the National Portrait Gallery and view with pride and sorrow the memorial which Watts raised to his contemporaries and peers: pride that such men lived so near our own day, sorrow that they are dead.

To record the quality of these men William Sharp was peculiarly fitted. He displayed towards them the sympathetic respect of the clever man humble enough to recognise his betters. It is no wonder that they took him into their confidence, and that even Rossetti, in his lamentable latter days, accepted him for a friend. Of Rossetti he has some interesting personal notes; and he re-creates the exquisite charm of that sister who, though she was less vivid and compelling a personality than Gabriel, will one day perhaps be deemed the greater poet. Burne-Jones is another whose attraction we are made to feel, and it says much for Sharp's power of sympathetic portrayal that he catches just the note of one of the most beautiful of all biographies, before the publication of which, moreover, his article was written. Christina Rossetti and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in fact, stand out from these pages as heroes worthy of especial worship—that is, if we count personality as more than achievement. There are also admirable portraits of Walter Pater and of two lesser, but very interesting men, Philip Bourke Marston and Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

The editing of this volume deserves a word of censure. Misprints are far too frequent. Further, it would have been no disservice to Sharp to have subjected his essays to some measure of revision, something far less than what he would himself no doubt have given them had he lived to prepare such a collection. A certain clumsiness of construction is characteristic and ineradicable; but here and there are sentences which, in the haste of composition, have been cheated of grammatical perfection. These might well have been revised. Nor should Sharp have been allowed to say that the scene of Swinburne's "Queen Mother" was "in Paris at the period of the Massacre of the *Innocents*."

* "Papers Critical and Reminiscent." By William Sharp. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

## FATA MORGANA.*

There seems to be something in the air of Northern Europe which provokes men, ay and women too, to pessimism. Look at Minna Canth, the cobbler's wife, of Knopio, in Finland, writing her pessimistic dramas in the back room of her little haberdashery shop. It is not only the highly-educated librarian of Stockholm who is subject to this influence of the atmosphere, of the climate, or the race, but the poor little half-educated shopkeeper.

In "The Confessions of a Fool" August Strindberg, who died a few weeks ago, gives an account of his first marriage and its terrible failure. The reader can see from the outset that his marriage with anyone whatever would have been a failure. Before ever he met his Fata Morgana he was, as he candidly confesses, "a fool." He was an avowed Atheist. He belonged to a society for the promotion of free love. He belonged to a club where "the centre of the room was occupied by a table dressed like an altar, in the middle of which stood a skull and a large bottle of cyanide of potassium. An open Bible, stained with punch spots, lay beside the skull." The club indulged in the wildest orgies. As a natural result of the self-disgust engendered, he embraced "Pessimism, the apotheosis of Atheism." Nor had Eugenics watched over his birth. He was "a delicate, nervous sickly youth," haunted by his own spectre, one who climbed up to the top of a pine tree and made a speech to the branches, "endeavouring to drown their voices."

Bring this wholly ill-balanced personality into the presence of a congenial feminine soul and the natural result happens. A stronger man than Strindberg would either have given the Serbonian bog a wide berth or have hammered the "idle one" thrown in his path into "shape and use." For there seems to have been some good metal in the ore. By his own confession the woman was capable of "pure, disinterested, angelic tenderness," although baser feelings predominated. She was not a normal average woman, just as he was not an average man. This it is that robs the story of any pyschological value. The striking candour, the remarkable power of analysis, both of his own feelings and of hers, are thrown away. Talents are hidden in a foul napkin.

That the man had talents is shewn more particularly by his fine perception of natural phenomena; a perception more acute than that of many a professional naturalist. He can scent "a breeze laden with the scent of the rising sap of his poplars." He notices that the broad green leaves of his aristolochia "throw death-like hues on a pale face;" that blood-red apples seem in the moonlight but a yellow spot, while greyish apples turn green. Over his head "the purple blossoms of Scotch firs exhale a perfume like that of the wild strawberry." This is all at the beginning of his tragedy: as scene follows scene we sink lower into the mire, where the only scent is that of corruption and decay.

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## BOOKS, AUTHORS AND THINGS†

I can forgive much to a book that pleases me, and in the main "The Poet's Chantry" has pleased me greatly, though there is a certain narrowness in Miss Katherine Brégy's outlook that is now and then a little irritating. She has set herself to trace the Catholic note in English poetry, and to this end has written essays on nine Roman Catholic poets. It is rather an arbitrary scheme, for in the best sense nearly all great poetry is religious but not sectarian; when it is, the sectarian bias counts for nothing at all so long as the poetry is fine. Even Paganism has its devotional poetry and some of it is touched with spiritual ecstasy, but Miss Brégy more than once claims that religious ecstasy in poetry is the exclusive property of such poems as have been written by Roman Catholics. "It is not for the fervour and intensity of their religious emotion," she says, "that the world remembers Milton, or Cowley, or even Herbert." It was needless to say this of Cowley, but she should have gone on to tell us for what else the world does remember Herbert. Again: "One can scarcely conjure up a less promising soil for things Catholic than England of the late sixteenth and middle seventeenth centuries; yet it is a sober fact that the most intensely religious poets of both these eras were of the Old Faith." Surely Henry Vaughan was an intensely religious poet; so too were Herbert and Traherne; and each one of these has his moments of ecstasy that do not leave Crashaw on the lonely eminence in this respect to which Miss Brégy somewhat intolerantly assigns him. "For full two hundred years after Crashaw there was no English poet at all comparable to him in this rapturous beauty of religious singing. Even now, the tale of his successors is quickly told—Dante Rossetti in exquisite moments, Patmore in odes, Lionel Johnson in a few wistful pages, and, finally, Francis Thompson." Well, I have named three poets who should have been added to Miss Brégy's list, and I am not sure that one or two of Donne's religious poems do not entitle him to a place in it, and Christina Rossetti should not be excluded.

But that is the worst of all partisanship; it blinds one to the claims of the other side. It would be a very bigoted Puritan, however, who could not share Miss Brégy's admiration for the nine poets she has written of in these essays with so much charm and such sympathetic insight. One is glad of her thoughtful and beautifully appreciative chapter on that saintly spirit and little known poet, Gerard Hopkins; of her illuminating criticism of Coventry Patmore, and of the considered and just tribute she pays in her concluding essay to the poetry of Mrs. Meynell. There is an interesting paper too on Aubrey de Vere, but Miss Brégy is always interesting, even when she is most provocative, and, after all, since her prejudices serve to give more colour and life to her style we may even be glad that she has them.

Another good book of essays in literary criticism is Mr. Archibald Strong's "Peradventure." He lives up to the motto on his fly-leaf: "The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces;" and writes about what he has read very much as a traveller writes of what he has seen.

> "The best criticism," he observes in his Preface, "must always be an intense expression of personality—personality purged of prejudice, and strengthened through self-surrender to the best. The pedant relies on fresh matter for freshness of outlook, and even so may hardly compass it; the true critic is independent of this. He will, indeed, at times turn his back on the huge and populous and opulent continents of literature, and seek out its remote and scattered isles of loveliness; but he knows well that it is not given to every explorer to cry: 'We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea'; and he will be often content to hunt old trails by land or ocean with fresh eyes."

This Mr. Strong has done. He has nothing very new to say perhaps concerning "The Longer Poems of Keats," "Rudyard Kipling," "Swinburne and the Sea," "Charles Lamb and the Stage," "The Faith of Shelley," nor of "Poe and Baudelaire," nor of "Nietzsche," but he is not out to make new discoveries. He is a scholar with the rare gift of gossiping agreeably of the books he knows; he is an evident lover of poetry with a nice appreciation for what is great in literature. The young student will find him a competent, entertaining guide, and the old one will be grateful to him as to a companion who talks intelligently and discriminatingly on familiar but perennially interesting topics. He has the art of apt quotation; his style is fluent and unaffected, and the personal note that sounds through all his pages gives a breezy, invigorating freshness to whatever he has to say.

Miss Annie Matheson's "Leaves of Prose" has an even stronger personal tone and greater variety of subject. It

* "The Confessions of a Fool." By August Strindberg. 6s. (Stephen Swift.)

† "The Poet's Chantry." By Katherine Brégy. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel).—"Peradventure." By Archibald T. Strong. 5s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall).—"Leaves of Prose." By Annie Matheson. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)—"From a Pedagogue's Sketch Book." By F. R. G. Duckworth. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

is a collection of critical and social essays, nature studies, sketches and musings and, despite its title, poems. It is a miscellany of good things. A strain of religious earnestness runs through all Miss Matheson's writings; a passionate sympathy with the poor and the helpless, a lyrical joy in all the beauty of the world and the simple pleasures of common life. Some of her little sketches, such as "London in Spring," "Thyrsis in a London Square," "The Gleam," "In Mid-May's Glory," are veritable prose poems, vivid word-pictures that catch with a delicate cunning the atmosphere and elusive light of the places and seasons they describe. You gather from a thoughtful essay "In Praise of Adam Bede," and a "Note on Silas Marner," that Miss Matheson remains unaffected by the general depreciation of "George Eliot," and from her longer and capable paper on "The Lady of the Lake," that, unlike so many of us who nowadays go astray after strange gods, her enthusiasm for the gallant poetry of Scott remains undiminished. There is no order in the book any more than there is in the most enjoyable conversation. You pass from reflections on "Philosophy, Poetry, and the Labour Party," to a spirited sonnet on "The Election of the London County Council," thence to "The Soul of the People," which is a strong protest against the continuing strife of creeds, and so on. It is just a quiet little book about the everyday affairs that concern everybody, reflecting much of the author's reading and giving frank and simple utterance to her own thoughts on what she has read and seen and experienced. At the end of it are two admirable studies by Miss May Sinclair: one, "A Servant of the Earth," a delicately outlined, pathetic little story of country life, of a certain farm-labourer "fallen in his old age on evil days and the parish," the other a brilliant critical appreciation of Meredith as novelist and poet.

There is something almost forbiddingly portentous about such a title as "From a Pedagogue's Sketch Book," but happily you find when you have opened it that Mr. Duckworth is that rare bird a pedagogue with a keen and racy sense of humour. He may have published his book with a serious purpose; he indicates at the outset that he has done so; but he does not attempt to teach the public by preaching at it seriously; he knows too much for that. He has a profound acquaintance with the human boy, and with the parents of him, and his amusingly satirical presentations of those specimens have a large significance for all who are interested in educational affairs. They tickle you to heartiest laughter, but they leave you thinking. He covertly owns that his aim has been to "enlist the sympathy of the public, and of parents in particular, with the ideals of our public schools, great and small—ideals that are not always appreciated—and with the life of the devoted men who are commonly supposed to live in affluence and leisure, but who really spend laborious days, with no eight hours' limit, for a pittance—especially in the smaller schools—that a miner would scorn as a 'minimum wage,' and without the prospect of an old-age pension when thrown on the shelf." Though surely, by the way, the old age pension is a boon from which none in need is debarred. There is truth as well as humour in "For Value Received," and "Shopkeepers," the first slyly hitting at our public school methods and the treatment of the masters; the second baring the absurdities practised in the appointment of County Education Committees; but perhaps the wittiest chapters are those which deal with the crass stupidity of parents, who, with little or no study of the subject, assume they know better than the schoolmaster how the young idea should be taught to shoot. There is a clever little sketch, "The Ear Specialist," in which a fashionable physician sending his son to school dogmatically interferes in his training:

"It was about half-way through his son's first term that he sent me a terrific long screed all on the subject of how he wanted his son brought up. He detailed all his son's little foibles as well as his strong points. Asked me if I had noticed the boy was absent-minded but chock-full of intellectual interests. Hinted that what the boy required most was a severe intellectual discipline, and suggested how this was to be effected—by extra Latin prose, in which particular care should be paid to minute points of grammar and syntax; by setting him down to a piano and making him name and strike single notes; by giving him coloured blocks of wood, and making him arrange the colours in different orders, in each case naming the colours before proceeding to arrange the blocks. There was a lot more of this sort of thing flung at my head without reserve or apology or any trace of consideration for any professional pride I might have. When a letter makes me really angry I always postpone answering it at least till the following day. If I can manage to do so, I never answer it at all. I've found that an excellent rule, and it was excellent in this case, as you will see."

For next day the school doctor reported that the ear specialist's son was deaf in one ear, and a tactful reply gently informing the specialist of this fact served to knock the self-assertion out of him and shame him into feeling he would have been wiselier employed in minding his own business. If there were space one would like to quote some of the series of letters between parents and the master on this same topic of the management of children. They are irresistibly ludicrous, but wear such an air of reality that you feel they are only slightly burlesqued versions of letters that have actually been written. They twinkle with wry humour, are so seemingly unconsciously funny in their fussy, petty pomposity; and yet you realise how they must have worried and humiliated and exasperated the pedagogue who received and had to reply to them. You cannot get grapes from thorns, but Mr. Duckworth is to be congratulated in having extracted a good deal of genuinely funny farcical comedy from a way of life that is commonly looked upon as monotonously dull.

A. St. John Adcock.

## A FRENCH BOSWELL*

When Guy de Maupassant took François into his service he provided himself unwittingly with a Boswell, and a Boswell who could appreciate his master's talent. It may be urged that his master's powerful mind left its impress on the valet's. No influence of that kind would be sufficient to transform an ordinary individual into an impassioned admirer of an ivory carving, the coronation of King Cloris by St. Remy in the Cathedral of Reims, the disappearance of which caused the good valet such genuine heartache.

François was in full sympathy with his master's bent of mind. This makes his biography valuable. He tells us the essential things; specially interesting to students of heredity is the emphasis thrown on his debt to his mother, his polyglot mother, with her worship of the romantic landscapes of Corsica and her literary style of speaking, "reminding me very much of Flaubert's style," says the gifted valet. The priceless François earns our gratitude by letting us have a good view of his master's turn of mind. The novelist had an extraordinarily precise and painstaking intellect. He would count the number of times a cock crowed on first awaking and compare it with his second bout. The closest attention was given for many hours to the details of the olive-harvest at Cap d'Antibes. Turner himself could not have studied an Algerian sunset more closely. "He finished by the enumeration of the different hues floating above the vineyards. These varying tints depend on whether the vines are still green or have taken on their reddish winter dress." This constant observation of nature and life became so much a matter of habit with De Maupassant, that often he felt it a positive burden and old man o' the sea. "I sometimes struggle hard not to think."

François is an artist, quite competent to depict the three very different sides of his master's nature: the boyish side delighting in practical jokes, "Laughter holding both his sides"; the poetic side, derived from his mother; and the practical side of a man who delighted to order his little estate at Etretat and furnish his various flats to the best advantage. François is an artist, too, in words. His description of the Princess's tea-party could not be improved upon: its prodigious light-heartedness, and drastic but unavailing attempts at self-restraint are pictured with a masterly hand. There is also an inimitable and most touchingly told dog story. We become very fond of François.

* "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant." By his Valet François. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

## A LITERARY EPISODE.*

The publication of this handsome volume is a literary episode which should prove of interest to all who have at any time fallen under the spell of that extraordinary *tour de force* by which the name of William Beckford mainly lives, the glamorous Oriental romance of "Vathek." Here are three "Episodes," three separate stories which, in the manner of the "Arabian Nights," the author intended to be incorporated with his well-known book; episodes which had lain *perdu* for many years until Mr. Lewis Melville happened upon them in the course of his researches when preparing his "Life and Letters of William Beckford." It is true that when a popular edition of "Vathek" was in preparation, some years before Beckford's death, there was talk of including the "Episodes," but as the publisher refused to "think in thousands" when it came to a matter of terms negotiations fell through, and the manuscript was forgotten for sixty-five years.

The three stories of which the volume consists were written by Beckford—as was "Vathek" itself—originally in French, and the translation of them into English was the last literary work of the late Sir Frank Marzials. In this volume they are given both in the original and in translation. They are wonderful tales, full of a kind of sinister splendour in the presentation of the records of the way in which certain princes and princesses qualified for admission to the Hall of Eblis. The vivid imagination, the grandiose descriptive style, the impressive rendering of the weirdly supernormal, which have made "Vathek" continue to be read, are to be found in these supplementary Episodes. Here is all the opulence of description and imaginative power such as had won Byron's commendation of the tale itself. We feel as the poet felt, that the Happy Valley of Johnson's "Rasselas" will not bear comparison with the Hall of Eblis of Beckford's story or Episodes. And we may read the stories without seeking to see in them that moral which the author declared was discoverable—the moral "that those who, like the Calif Vathek and his unhappy companions, abandon themselves to criminal passions and deeds of infamy will, by a terrible but just retribution, have their abode for ever in the regions of eternal vengeance."

The Episodes will presumably duly take their place as part of the work for which they were designed, but they are sufficiently complete in themselves, and if their publication is not likely to lead to any great Beckford revival, it should at least be welcomed by those who have felt the spell of a remarkable Oriental tale. Sir Frank Marzials' translation is delightfully easy and tasteful, while Mr. Melville in his introduction tells the story of the writing of the Episodes, and throws further light on the strange personality of their author.

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## TWO NOTABLE NOVELS.†

There is no reason for bracketing Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. E. F. Benson together except that the newest book of each happens to come from the same publishers, and that they are two of the best novels the new season has produced so far. Mr. Benson has written "Mrs. Ames" in something of the light, satirical spirit of "Dodo," but with an added depth of feeling and knowledge of humanity that carry us far beyond "Dodo"; and in "The Turnstile" Mr. Mason makes something of a fresh departure. He has travelled a long way since he wrote that gallant romance, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and in "The Turnstile," as in the last three or four of his novels, turns his back on the glamour of the past and quarries his tale out of the complex elements of modern life. We could count the good political novels on the fingers of one hand, and we do not hesitate to appropriate one of the earliest fingers to "The Turnstile." Without exaggeration and without bitterness Mr. Mason pictures the political world of the present day; some of his personalities may possibly be identified with living politicians; but he did not spend some years in the House of Commons himself without getting to know the game and the players, and he has used his knowledge here to excellent account.

Apart from its political atmosphere, "The Turnstile" is a subtle revelation of feminine character—a powerful and poignant story of the love that grows strong enough to conquer self and bring its personal hopes, ideals and happiness to the sacrifice. Captain Rames was too big and robust a spirit to be finally satisfied with the insincerities, the petty shifts and schemes, and the doubtfully won triumphs of the political arena; he began with other, simpler, perhaps more healthful, ambitions, and he goes back to these just when Cynthia, who had married without love, has come to give her whole heart to him, has subdued herself to his somewhat cynical outlook, has insensibly conquered her shrinking from the unavoidable chicanery of political methods, and is keen to see him grasp the success that seems almost in his hand. Rames had frankly married her because her wealth would help him to achieve his ends in Parliament, but he has learned to love her with a strength that moves him to hide the fact that his earlier passion for Arctic exploration has re-asserted itself, and that politics have become a weariness to him now when all her desires for him are centred in them. There comes a time when she discovers his secret, and that either his happiness must be sacrificed for hers or hers for his, and, though she hesitates over the decision, she is fine enough and very woman enough to make the one that is against herself. The study in these two characters is alone enough to make this a remarkable book; but there are other characters in it that are almost as good, and a story that is as absorbing and as admirably written as any that Mr. Mason has ever done.

The "small affairs" of the market-town of Riseborough —or rather of that select portion of Riseborough which

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **Mr. E. F. Benson.**

* "The Episodes of Vathek." By William Beckford. Translated by Sir Frank T. Marzials. With an Introduction by Lewis Melville. 21s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

† "Mrs. Ames." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.) —"The Turnstile." By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

*Photo by Gustav Mullins, Ryde.* **Mr. A. E. W. Mason.**

calls itself "society"—come under Mr. E. F. Benson's microscope in this exceptionally brilliant novel of his. And how searching and powerful a microscope it is, how illuminating and relentless, revealing with unerring insight and humour the arid emptiness, the infinitesimal littleness, of Riseborough's conception of life. For society at Riseborough is made up for the most part of retired professional men, whose days are filled by golf, gossip, and the morning paper, and of their wives, to whom a choice piece of scandal is as the very breath of life, and whose ambition does not reach beyond the giving of a successful dinner. Two such women are Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Evans; the former the wife of Major Ames and the leader of Riseborough society, the latter the wife of a doctor. Ten years older than her husband—she is fifty-five years of age—short in stature, with a face that may justly be described as toad-like, Mrs. Ames suffers by comparison with the fascinating Mrs. Evans, a woman of unimaginative temperament, a wife and mother whose emotions have hitherto remained unstirred, dormant. "Neither wifehood nor motherhood had awakened her womanhood. Yet, in that she was a woman, she was that most dangerous of all created or manufactured things, an unexploded shell, liable to blow to bits both itself and any who handled her. The shell was alive still, its case uncorroded, and its contents still potentially violent. . . ." The man who lights the fuse is Major Ames. In vain does Mrs. Ames attempt to recapture her husband's affection; all her pathetic expedients fail, and slowly but surely Mrs. Evans draws the Major into her net. But before the final and irretraceable step can be taken a different Mrs. Ames is born, a product of the fine spirit of the woman's movement, a healthier, larger-minded Mrs. Ames, who proves herself quite capable of tackling the Major and Mrs. Evans and saving the infatuated couple from themselves. The book sparkles throughout with Mr. Benson's best qualities; its people are wonderfully alive; and because you have met them, and secretly laughed at them, in real life you can appreciate all the more Mr. Benson's masterly description of the hum and buzz with which they proclaim the waste spaces of their cramped and undeveloped souls.

## HAPHAZARD LITERARY HISTORY.*

"Mr. J. M. Kennedy," so runs the announcement on the wrapper of his book, "has written the first history of the dynamic movement in English literature between 1880 and 1905. The work begins with a sketch of romanticism and classicism, and continues with chapters on Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde, who in their different ways exercised so great an influence on various poets and essayists of the time, all of whom are dealt with." Amongst those who are not dealt with are Meredith, Stevenson, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Henry James, Mr. William Watson, and J. M. Synge. The names of all but the last of these, indeed, do not as much as appear in the book; in the case of Mr. Kipling, who has less than a page, the author excuses himself for his brevity on the irrelevant ground that Kipling will be remembered as a short story writer rather than as a poet. Evidently it is the "dynamic movement" that has dictated these exclusions, though what in the name of logic as language the "dynamic movement" in contemporary literature is Mr. Kennedy has not succeeded in making clear to his readers. They must content themselves with the knowledge that if it is exclusive in some directions it is copious in others; Pater, Wilde, Beardsley, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. Moore, all have their place; so has Mr. Arthur Waugh, an old essay by whom, published in the *Yellow Book*, furnished Mr. Kennedy with five pages liberally dressed with quotation; there are five, too, about Mr. W. L. Courtney, thus, it is to be feared, depriving Mr. Kennedy of a review by a writer whose chief fault is stated to be the admirable one of generosity, for (according to Mr. Kennedy) when "criticising the productions of modern hack writers and pseudo-creative artists he too rarely dips his pen in vinegar." And in the chapter entitled "Beardsley and others," Whistler is one of the others.

Of course a book so glaring in its omissions, so casual and hap-hazard in its election of the men and movements of the period which it aims at describing, cannot be called literary history. To omit the names we have mentioned—and many others too—is to fall so far short of what ordinary people would expect, and have a right to expect, from a book called "English Literature, 1880–1905," as to make criticism from the obvious point of view frankly impossible. It is wiser to ask instead how Mr. Kennedy has succeeded as to the authors who have been sufficiently "dynamic" to attract his attention. Not, it is to be feared, very happily. Literary critics are human, and, though history has nothing to do with a man's private prejudices, one does not grudge if a hint of them slips now and again into the pages of the critic turned historian. But Mr. Kennedy has nothing else. Stripped of its pretentiousness, of its sham-philosophic jargon about "matters of psychological notoriety" and the like, his "sketch" of romanticism and classicism amounts to nothing more than that everything that Mr. Kennedy likes is classic and everything (the most diverse things, too) that excites his irritability or loathing is romantic. This air of off-hand loftiness with his betters hardly improves matters. "From an artistic point of view we cannot award Mr. Shaw any very high praise." Pater "never cleared his brain sufficiently to be able to make up his mind" between art and metaphysics. "The traditions of all these periodicals (*i.e.*, the *Yellow Book*, the *National Observer*, the *Pageant*, and the *Dome*) may be said to be merged to a great extent in the present *New Age*." These are some of the opinions of Mr. Kennedy. He is not even altogether consistent in his handling of them. The greatest target of his scorn is the middle classes. Mr. Wells, he says, has unfortunately never quite shaken off the influence of his middle-class upbringing; "he belongs emphatically to the intellectual bourgeoisie," and the importance he attributes to sex is a feature of the middle-class intellect. If that be so, Mr. Kennedy's intellect is middle-class too. The close of his study of Pater is evidence enough of that. Some of his comments and remarks are amusing enough. "Mr. Chesterton is quite right when he intimates that we cannot stop worshipping God to worship a life-force instead, as if, to use his expression, anyone could worship a hyphen. *Shaw, as a matter of fact, writes his phrase without a hyphen;* but Mr. Chesterton's objection is none the less apposite." Again, he quotes Wilde's saying that there was "nothing that either Plato or Christ had said that could not be transferred immediately into the sphere of art, and there find its complete fulfilment," and adds "it is true that what Plato and Christ said may be adequately represented in art, and *has, indeed, been so represented by the Italian painters of the Renaissance*, as well as by several English painters of

* "English Literature: 1880–1905." By J. M. Kennedy. (Martin Secker.)

modern times. But it does not seem to occur to Wilde that such art is utterly inferior." We have permitted ourselves italics, but stupidities of this kind cannot be commented on; they give the reader the same vicarious sense of shame as he would feel in the presence of fatuity in conversation. There are more of them in the book.

But it is, perhaps, unfair to judge Mr. Kennedy in sentences. As a sample, here is the way he deals with the *Yellow Book*:—

"Among various miscellaneous articles and stories contributed to *The Yellow Book* must be mentioned Harland's *Rosemary for Remembrance* in No. 5. The pathetic story of the little Italian girl is told almost without an artistic flaw. In No. 4 there is an excellent article on *Stendhal*, by Norman Hopgood. *The Foolish Virgin* in No. 8, is a very fair specimen of Gissing, and there are several contributions, of course, by Ella d'Arcy. It may seem not a little amusing to us, at the present day, to think that Austin Dobson, Dolf Wyllarde and Vernon Lee appeared between the same covers as Max Beerbohm, Henry Harland, and Ernest Dowson. In the artistic section there was much work good, bad and indifferent by various artists well known and otherwise—Walter Crane, Muirhead Bone, E. J. Sullivan, Walter Sickert and Patten Wilson, to take a few names at a venture."

Or take the following from a luminous account of the influence on English authors of other European literatures.

"Another French poet whose work influenced writers of this period to some extent was Baudelaire; but a still more profound influence was Verlaine, who was so enthusiastically studied by Mr. Arthur Symons. One has only to read over such a piece as 'Mon Dieu m'a dit' to realise how Verlaine would appeal to the English romanticists. And, of course, there were Guy de Maupassant, Flaubert, and Zola. Russia made the influence of her melancholy realism felt through Tourgenieft and Dostoieffski, and Shaw, too, was the means of introducing many new Continental ideas into England.

These passages show Mr. Kennedy at his average, not at his worst, as in the execrable passage about Pater already referred to, and not far off his best. So he marks time industriously page after page, working hard without going forward, stirring up the dust; and thus with liberal quotation and large type and fine printing do a series of very highly opinionated, hap-hazard reviews become the first history of the "dynamic movement" in contemporary literature.

G. H. MAIR.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICTION.*

George Borrow, says Mr. Thomas Seccombe, interpreted autobiography as autobiographiction and, ugly as the portmanteau word is, it is perhaps the happiest single word in which Borrow's contribution to literature can be summed up. His works are likely long to attract readers for their inherent interest and fascination, but it is no doubt owing to the fact that autobiography and invention, fact and fiction, are so skilfully woven together in them that the personality of the author sooner or later fascinates the reader who has once fallen under the spell of Borrow. Some months ago three studies of Thomas Love Peacock were published in rapid succession, showing that as many enthusiasts had at the same time been moved to express their enthusiasm in book form; and the same triplication bids fair to be repeated in the case of Borrow. It is but a few months since Mr. Herbert Jenkins published a biography of Lavengro, as his gipsy friends dubbed him, now we have here a handsome monograph by Mr. Edward Thomas, and there are rumours of a third work of which he is the inspiring figure being in preparation, a sufficiently remarkable thing when we are reminded that "Lavengro" in 1851 and "The Romany Rye" in 1857 failed to impress the critics or the public.† The interest in Borrow's personality, on the part of those who made something of a Borrow cult, led, before the close of the nineteenth century, to a revival of interest in his work, and the consequent reprinting of his chief books in cheap forms appears to have reacted again and so led to the wider interest connoted by this multiplication of books about him—to lead perhaps, in turn, to a still further widening of the circle of his readers. As it is always preferable to read an author's own books rather than books about those books, a work such as this of Mr. Edward Thomas is to be welcomed as a means to that end—in that it may lead others to read Borrow for themselves. Those who are already good Borrovians will wish to read it as a fresh estimate of a man who appears at once, strangely enough, to have been fascinating and repellent. We feel his fascination when following the adventures and self-revelations of one who—if it be true as one biographer has it, could not invent—had a veritable genius for embroidering the fancy work of what might have been on the stuff of what was.

Mr. Thomas tells the story of Borrow's life as it has been ascertained and as it may be pieced together from the passages of autobiography—fact glorified as it were by fiction—to be found throughout his writings, and with the story of his life has woven appreciation and criticism of his work; has indeed never lost sight of his purpose, that of presenting both the man and his books. It is true that in the books we have not only much of the author's individuality expressed, for Borrow's work may be taken as an illustration of the old finding that the style is the man,

* "George Borrow: The Man and His Books." By Edward Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† In connection with "Lavengro" a bibliographical item ignored by Mr. Thomas may be noted. In Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature" after mention of "Lavengro" in three volumes comes the following: "Autobiography. Lon. 1 vol. 12mo. 1851." In the bibliography appended to Knapp's bulky biography of Borrow there is no mention of any edition between the first of 1851 in three volumes, and the third, in one volume, of 1872, beyond the note: "No 2nd edition is known to the publisher." Can it be—despite Mr. Thomas's statement that Borrow "never called the published book his autobiography"—that the second edition was issued in 1851 entitled "Autobiography"?

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It is a curious coincidence that another great literary egotist, but one of most diverse character was, as Mr. Thomas points out, not without influence on Borrow. That other writer was William Cobbett, who, however, imported less of the art of the fictionist into the passages of autobiography which he scattered about his voluminous writings. It is in the fictionising of fact that much of the literary charm of Borrow's work lies, and the seeking to establish the dividing line as one writer puts it "will always be a fascinating task for literary conjecture." Mr. Thomas has drawn largely on Borrow's autobiographical passages and has succeeded in presenting what one feels is a satisfactory portrait of a strange wayward personality, a man who was possessed at once of curious powers of fascination, and a gloomy moroseness which made him sometimes a difficult companion. Those who know Borrow and delight in his books will find much to admire in this fresh presentation of his story, it is an able piece of work though marked by some small irritating affectations, such as the half-page Chapter VI., the single-page Chapter VII., both of which properly belong to Chapter V. Possibly the work would have gained by greater compression, but in this respect it is far superior to Dr. Knapp's inchoate accumulation of biographical materials.

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and a somewhat boorish son with a streak of genius. To this strange household in the wild North, accident one day brings Edward Webb, a draper's commercial traveller, with the soul of a poet. Too poor to give his romantic-minded daughter, Theresa, the adventures she craves for, poor Webb devotes his scanty hours of leisure to seeking little wayside adventures which Theresa may enjoy in the recital. The bringing together of the self-willed young Rutherford and the high-spirited Theresa is the subject of this original love-story, which the author has not succeeded in working out with much plausibility. Mr. Young is much happier in his interludes, especially in the chapters that describe Theresa's temporary engagement to the extremely conventional Basil Morton, and her amusing encounters with his Early-Victorian mother. We could have wished this portion indefinitely expanded, so infinitely better is Mr. Young in describing the quite ordinary happenings of the commercial traveller's household than in his effort to give a Brontë-like picture of the family in the North. To make the way smooth for the lovers Mr. Young has invoked the melodramatic agency of murder and suicide. The novel is one of power and distinction, and the delineator of the Webb family is a writer of whom we expect to hear again.

**THE RAT-TRAP.** By Daniel Woodroffe. 6s. (Laurie.)

The fault of "The Rat-Trap" is that it is either too serious or not serious enough. Daniel Woodroffe's purpose is, obviously, to attack the conventional idea of the sanctity of the marriage tie, so she starts by presenting a hard case—so hard that it cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered typical, though we are altogether willing to admit its occasional possibility. She ties her hero to a homicidal maniac, she introduces him to his affinity, and she puts divorce out of the question. The author does all this in a very efficient, not to say attractive, manner. The characters are all well realised, and the hero and heroine are very likeable. The reader scents a problem. What will the hero do? It is disappointing to find that he does nothing in particular. The author just bundles all the important characters except the wife, who by this time is safely in Hanwell, into a ship bound for the West Indies. She kills off the heroine's mother, who is the only person who has any influence over the girl, she wrecks the ship, and casts the principal characters on to a lonely island, inhabited only by a number of sinister black slaves, and a more sinister Brazilian half-breed, who is their owner. There they play out a pretty little drama of violence and sudden death, and the hero and heroine end matters by quietly wandering off together. This sort of thing is no use for "the man in the street"; he cannot afford to spend his life sailing round the West Indies with his affinity, and the author has burked her own problem. Nevertheless, "The Rat-Trap," is an excellent book to read, and that is the main thing. The less the reader bothers about its purpose the better.

**THE BRIDE'S BREVIARY.** 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The anonymous author of "The Bride's Breviary" has given us a book that has an attractive title with an attractive cover to arrest the eye of the passer-by; and should he pick it up and dip into it he will at once find himself caught by the fascinating, gay, artless style of Sandra Phayre—by whom the story is supposed to be told—and his curiosity will be rewarded by the finding of an exceedingly attractive novel. Sandra becomes a real personality to us long before the middle of the book is reached. She is a young American girl, an heiress, who comes to England on a holiday and records her thoughts and doings in a Self-Book—her only outlet, as her mother is dead, and the relatives with whom she is travelling are uncongenial company and do not understand her. Her adventures, and the story of her strange marriage and what happens after it keep the reader intensely interested to the finish. The plot is very well constructed.

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The supreme self-confidence of Miss Conyers' heroine makes her rather an awkward young person wholly to sympathise with, and it says much for the art of the author that we never can really dislike Sally, much though we may desire sometimes that she may be taken down a peg. But—ourselves aggravated and resistant victims—we are compelled to admit her charm and her freshness. The scene of the book is laid in Ireland, in a country where fox-hunting is impossible, and where, accordingly, they *do* hunt, seeming to have a very much better time than they would have had in the English Midlands. Miss Conyers, as everybody knows, is a skilled exponent of the humours of the Irish character, and in this respect "Sally" is quite up to her average. In fact, we have enjoyed it. It is a thoroughly jolly and readable book—just the very thing to keep you awake and amused after a long day in the open air.

**THOSE OTHER DAYS.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

In these days our conception of the bulk which a story should possess to qualify as "a long complete novel" has become a very elastic one. It ranges from a volume—or even two—by William de Morgan to the now well-established feature of the monthly magazines. To this last category, doubtless, belongs the story entitled "Those Other Days"; as regards the other tales in this same cover—some eighteen in number—they are short stories properly so-called. Mr. Oppenheim excels in the art of opening up a story. He hints with tantalising restraint of some ghastly secret or tragic mystery; he arouses interest by a veiled suggestion of a haunting sorrow, of a great unhappiness, of things supernatural. "Those Other Days" tells of a young artist, full of enthusiasm for his profession, who is robbed of "the fairest gift of life" by a serious illness. "For, after weeks of half-unconscious pain and suspense, there came upon me in the night a sudden darkness, which the light of day could not dissipate, and there crept upon me a horrible suspicion that I was blind. . . . I besought them, with my voice choked with sobs, to tell me that it was not true, but I heard no encouraging voices bid me hope, only the sound of a woman sobbing quietly by my bedside, and answering my piteous appeals with evasive tenderness." Accompanied by his sister, the blind man goes to Cromer, there to add to his hopeless misery by falling in love—first with a woman's voice, then with the woman herself. The story relates how the artist's sight was restored and at what terrible cost; in this, however, as in most of the stories in this characteristic volume, Mr. Oppenheim sees to it that love smiles triumphant when the curtain falls.

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When the daily papers were daily chronicling the great and stately doings in India last December, hundreds of loyal English men and women faithfully read several columns of description each morning between breakfast and luncheon. But there were many hundreds of, perhaps, equally loyal Englishmen and women whose spirits sank a little before the task of eye-climbing down those hundreds of closely-printed lines; who contented themselves with a visit to the cinematograph, or left the whole thing alone. For each and all of these, and for those who were fortunate enough to be actually present at the Durbar, Mrs. Bradley's new book will be a lively pleasure. It is not seriously great in style; it is neither literature nor history; but it is a light, vivid account of a great historical event, and it threads two or three simple love matters in and out of the pages, to add personal interest and verisimilitude to the whole. Mrs. Bradley wrote an earlier volume, "An American Girl in India," and showed herself then to be a charming unmarried girl. In the present volume as a married woman, a countess, and a wife a little anxious as to the reality of her husband's love, she

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**THE HOUSE OF FORTUNE.** By Max Pemberton. 2s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel belongs to that traditional but rarely-encountered order, the books that cannot be put down until they are finished. In this case it is fortunate perhaps—though we regretted it ourselves—that the book is not very long, and so the reader need not consume much time in getting through it, time which might be more profitably employed. For that is one of the charms of Mr. Pemberton's work; it is not "improving" and it is not concerned with problems. "The House of Fortune" takes us to Morocco at its stormiest, where El Haygari, an outlaw and a scourge, has taken a dashing French officer prisoner and brought him to his own mysterious house. That is how Chenier first met Dolores the dancer, to whom he lost his heart very rapidly and completely. The story goes with all the swing and dash of Mr. Pemberton at his best, and the author's large public cannot fail to appreciate it.

**THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY.** By Charles Inge. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The relation of its title to the story is somewhat enigmatical, and is symptomatic of what is the chief defect in this book—a certain over-labouredness and unreality. There is good writing in the novel, easy and natural dialogue, and undoubted power of characterisation; but with all this the author has failed to make his people really vital. The book, in fact, appeals to the intellect only, and leaves us a little cold. Stripped of its accessories, the essential story is conventional enough. Robin Peverell is but a sorry hero. Leaving the army, he devotes his leisure to dabbling in eugenics, and undoubtedly the best things in the book are the satirical descriptions of the meetings of the pseudo-scientists. Mr. Inge has succeeded best with his most unpleasant character, a middle-aged siren whose interest in eugenics might be called by a harsher name than "scientific." Her capture of the impressionable Peverell is an incident in itself very credible, but it is not justified by Mr. Inge's plot. We have no further interest in Peverell when we find that his disappointment at being refused by the blind girl whom he loves drives him for consolation to the entirely hateful Miss Charlotte Blagden. And the least pleasing feature of the plot is Peverell's jaunty forgetfulness of this "incident," and his return to win from Beatrice Lavener the happiness which there is nothing in the book to suggest that he deserves.

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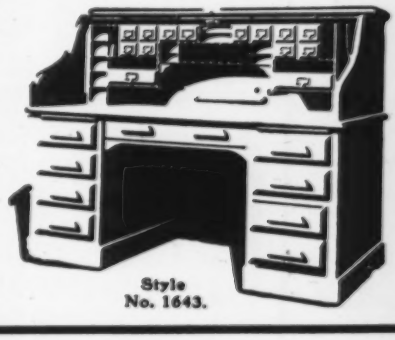

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